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PS
3349
W45E3

New Version
OF

East Lynne

By
WILLIAM J. DEAN



1902

SOUVENIR
REBECCA WARREN
As Lady Isabelle
SEASON 1902-3

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TOLEDO, OHIO

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Mr. William J. Dean.

New Version

OF

EAST LYNNE

By

WILLIAM J. DEAN



Souvenir

Rebecca Warren

As Lady Isabelle

Season 1902-3

AND

PS'3349
W45E3

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WILLIAM J. DEAN
1902



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Book and Play

The novel "East Lynne" was written by Mrs. Henry Wood about 1858, and met with immediate success. The book had little or no literary value, but the story was so full of human interest that it appealed to all classes.

The first dramatization was made by Clifton Tayleure, in 1865, and produced at the Boston Museum. The original cast was—

LADY ISABELLE	}	MISS KATE DENIN
MME. VINR			
ARCHIBALD CARLYLE	MR. JOHN WILSON	
SIR FRANCIS LEVISON	MR. R. L. SHEWELL	
LORD MOUNT SEVERN	MR. T. M. HUNTER	
RICHARD HARE	MR. FRED WILLIAMS	
MR. DILL	MR. J. H. RING	
OFFICER	MR. J. R. PITMAN	
JUSTICE HARE	MR. G. G. TURNER	
LITTLE WILLIE	MISS SWINDLEHURST	
BARBARA HARE	MISS ANNIE CLARKE	
MISS CARLYLE	MISS EMILY MESTAYER	
JOYCE	MISS M. PARKER	
WILSON	MRS FRED WILLIAMS	
SUSANNE	MISS WRIGHT	

East Lynne was next produced in 1867, at the Continental Theatre, Boston, with Miss Lucille Western in the leading role, supported by the following caste—

LADY ISABELLE	{	. . .	MISS LUCELLE WESTERN
MME. VINE			
ARCHIBALD CARLYLE	. . .	MR. J. W. COLLIER	
SIR FRANCIS LEVISON	. .	MR. C. BARTON HILL	
LORD MOUNT SEVERN	. .	MR. W. J. LEMOYNE	
RICHARD HARE	MR. D. R. ALLEN	
JUSTICE HARE	MR. J. KEEFE	
MR. DILL	MR. W. H. OTIS	
OFFICER	MR. ATKINS	
LITTLE WILLIE	MISS ROGERS	
BARBARA HARE	MRS. D. R. ALLEN	
MISS CARLYLE	MRS. J. H. ROGERS	
JOYCE	MRS. S. FLOOD	
WILSON	MRS. T. M. HUNTER	
SUSANNE	MISS RAMSAY	

Again the play was produced in 1869 at the Boston Theatre, with Mrs. D. P. Bowers as Lady Isabelle, and the following cast—

LADY ISABELLE	{	MRS. D. P. BOWERS
MME. VINE			
ARCHIBALD CARLYLE	. . .	MR. C. R. THORNE, JR	
SIR FRANCIS LEVISON	. .	MR. J. C. MCCOLLOM	
LORD MOUNT SEVERN	. .	MR. W. M. LEMAN	
RICHARD HARE	MR. SHIRLEY FRANCE	
JUSTICE HARE	MR. A. LEONARD	
MR. DILL	MR. J. SCOTT	
OFFICER	MR. J. TAYLOR	
LITTLE WILLIE	MISS EMMA CHASE	
BARBARA HARE	MISS RACHEL NOAH	
MISS CARLYLE	MRS. LOUISE MORSE	
JOYCE	MRS. SUSAN FLOOD	
WILSON	MISS E. M. LESLIE	
SUSANNE	MISS RANESDELL	

In the three casts mentioned, the reader will find several names that afterward became famous, and many are well known to the theatre-going public of the present generation.

For the past twenty years Miss Ada Gray has starred in a version of East Lynne and has met with unflinching success.

Those who have witnessed former productions of the play will appreciate the changes that have been made in the present version, by William J. Dean,

who has endeavored to modernize the language, eliminate all the old fashioned front scenes which delayed the action and destroyed the consistency of the story according to the modern school of drama.

NOTE.—Rights for production of this version of East Lynne must be obtained from Burt, Warren & Dean, Burt's Theatre, Toledo, Ohio. Fully protected by copyright.

Cast

LADY ISABELLE	}	. . .	MISS REBECCA WARREN
MADAM VINE			
BARBARA HARE		MISS JENNIE DUNBAR
MISS CORNELIA CARLYLE		MISS JANE WEST
		(Mr. Carlyle's Half Sister.)	
JOYCE		MISS MAYBELLE CAREY
		(Maid to Lady Isabelle.)	
WILLIE CARLYLE		LITTLE RHEA ELOISE
		(Lady Isabelle's Son.)	
ARCHIBALD CARLYLE		MR. JOHN DILION
SIR FRANCIS LEVISON		MR. FREDERICK KERBY
LORD MOUNT SEVERN		MR. WILLIAM J. DEAN
		(Lady Isabelle's Guardian.)	
RICHARD HARE		MR. ARTHUR ROACHE
MR. DILL		MR. JAMES J. CONNORS
		(Clerk to Mr. Carlyle.)	
WILSON		MR. MILES SPERA
		(Mr. Carlyle's Butler.)	
OFFICER		MR. CHARLES PALMER

ACT I.

SCENE—Garden at East Lynne.

"A Haven of Love."

ACT II.

SCENE—Library at East Lynne. Four years elapse.

"There is no passion in all the world so
delusive, so fantastic, so powerful as jeal-
ousy."

ACT III.

SCENE—Hotel Grenoble. Sir Francis Levison's Apart-
ments. Two years elapse.

"Alone, alone forever."

ACT IV.

SCENE—Same as Act II.

“When other lips and other hearts
their tales of love shall tell.”

TABLEAU.

SCENE—Madam Vine's Apartments at East Lynne.”

“The end of it all—retribution.”

“The sin that ye do two by two,
must be paid for one by one.”—*Kipling*.

NOTE.—The audience is requested to remain seated until the curtain falls.

Scene Plots

ACT I.

HOUSE R—Bay window from R. 3d to R. C. facing audience; practical platform, 18 in. high in front and back of window, showing the music room interior; Entrance to house, door and window R. 1st to R. 3d; return off R. hedge row from end of house to R. C. R. C. to gate L. C. then L. C. to R. 1st; two large trees R. and L. 2d with tree seats; back drop and cut drop.

ACT II.

LIBRARY AT EAST LYNNE.—Door R. 3, Bay Window R. 3d to R. C.; Stairs L. C. to L. 3d; large arch L. 3d to L. 2d; fire place L. 2d to L. 1st.

ACT III.

HOTEL GRENOBLE.—Door C.; door L. 3d.; fire place L. 1st; plain chamber.

ACT IV.

SAME AS ACT II., with changes necessary in six years.

TABLEAU.

PLAIN CHAMBER.—Window C., showing church spire opposite; door L. 3d.; fire place L.





Miss Rebecca Warren.



ACT I.

Scene—see Plot.

Lights—see Plot

Music—"Endearing Young Charms."

*[As curtain rises Dill enters from gate C.
Joyce from house L.]*

DILL

Joyce, Francis Levison just rode over from Castle Marling, and told me that Mr. Carlyle and his bride would arrive within the hour.

JOYCE.

Isn't it splendid, Mr. Dill. I'm to be a real lady's maid—Lady Isabelle Carlyle. (*Courtesying.*)

DILL

Indeed you will be, and she's a fine lady too, Joyce. So beautiful, so sweet—

JOYCE.

And so grand.

DILL.

(*Laughs.*) Well, Miss Corney, Mr. Carlyle's sister, won't like that. You should have heard her tirade when she learned of the marriage. "Married, indeed, to that fine lady child, Lord Mount Severn's expensive daughter, who goes to Court in feathers and a train streaming three yards out behind her, looking like a young princess in a fairy tale. All very well for her but not for us." (*Laughs.*)

JOYCE.

Miss Corney will put a stop to all that if she can. Besides Lady Isabel's father, Lord Mount Severn, died and left her penniless, didn't he?

DILL.

Without a penny in the world. I don't think Mr. Carlyle would ever have had the courage to ask her to marry him if it had not been for her forlorn condition.—Get along, Joyce. They'll be here soon.

JOYCE.

(C) Mr. Dill, wouldn't it have been fine to have had a reception—a band—and all that, when they arrived.

DILL.

(*Laughing*) (L. C.) Well, Joyce, you know Miss Corney. When word came yesterday that they would be home to-day—she came flying into the office—"He's coming to-morrow—away six months on a honeymoon—bah—" (*Laughs.*) I suggested a reception, and all that. You should have seen her—"What, a band, make a circus out of my brother Archibald and his bride. No, sir. (*laughs.*) I didn't want him to marry at all. I'll give them all the reception they want when they get here." And flaunted out of the office. (*Laughs.*)

JOYCE.

She came directly home and instructed me to get the rooms in readiness—prepare tea for them.

DILL.

Miss Corney has the heart of an ox and the kick of a mule. She's a bit jealous, that's all—like all old maids. (*Laughs.*)

JOYCE.

Humph! What's the matter with old bachelors. (X. L.)

DILL.

Come, Joyce, we won't quarrel (*looking*

around) Joyce, Capt. Levison and I arranged to have the villagers give them a reception as they drive into town. Flowers and just a little music. Capt. Levison has gone after Miss Barbara Hare. They will be here to meet them. After all it won't be so bad.

JOYCE.

Barbara Hare and Capt. Levison—a pretty pair—Capt. Levison, the rejected suitor of Lady Isabel. Barbara Hare who was mad crazy to marry Mr. Carlyle.

DILL.

Tut! Tut! Joyce, that's only servants gossip.

JOYCE.

Servants gossip, indeed. Miss Corney said so herself. Why Miss Hare has been flaunting presents about the village—saying Mr. Carlyle gave them to her. She was here after him all the time—silly fool!

DILL.

Barbara came to see Mr. Carlyle on behalf of her brother Richard.

JOYCE.

Her brother—I thought he had never been heard from since the night he murdered Father Hallyjohn.

DILL.

Mr. Carlyle has reason to believe Dick Hare is innocent of that murder, and expects to prove it.

JOYCE.

Innocent, indeed, nonsense. See here, Mr. Dill, Afy Hallyjohn is my half sister. I know she was in serious trouble. Father discovered her condition, forced her to a confession. Dick Hare was the cause. Father Hallyjohn accused him and during a heated argument, Dick killed him. —There!

DILL.

Richard Hare is a victim of circumstances and time will prove his innocence.

JOYCE.

Well, I think Barbara Hare is a snake in the grass—and Capt. Levison is worse—and you'll see, Mr. Dill.

DILL.

Joyce, my girl, you go now and finish the table. (*Enter Corney coming from house R.*) Ah, Miss Carlyle, Mr. Carlyle will be here within the hour.

CORNEY.

Yes, I know. Here's a telegram from him—after six months galivantin about the country—on a honeymoon Bah! Such extravagance. (*Corney C.*) Joyce, is everything ready for them, did you pick the flowers?

JOYCE.

Yes, Miss Corney, everything is bright and cheerful as can be.

CORNEY.

Cheerful, indeed, and for her. I'd as soon see Archibald hanged as married. (*See's Dill laughing.*) What are you laughing at? You old fool!

DILL.

I was just thinking, Miss Corney.

CORNEY.

Now do your thinking in Mr. Carlyle's office where you are paid for it—get along.

DILL.

Very well, Miss Corney, I'm off to dress for their arrival. (*Exits singing "See the Conquering Hero Comes."*)

CORNEY.

Humph—the old idiot!

JOYCE.

Miss Corney, Capt. Levison and Miss Barbara Hare will be here soon to meet Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle.

CORNEY.

What! Levison! That insinuating puppy—and Barbara Hare—did you ever. Jealous minx! She'll make trouble yet—and Levison means no good to anyone.

JOYCE.

That's just what I said to Mr. Dill.

CORNEY.

What right have you to say anything. I'll do all the talking that's necessary in this house—and to think that Archibald should marry without consulting me.

JOYCE.

Why! Didn't you know, Miss Corney?

CORNEY.

No, I did not. No one thought he'd ever marry. It is a most singular match. Just as suitable as "Beauty and the Beast." She a high born lady brought up to revel in expense, left an orphan without a penny in the world, and he a dull bear of a lawyer like the beast in the tale.

JOYCE.

Ah! but think how nice it will be for Lady Isabel to come back to her old home.

CORNEY.

Old home indeed! He bought this place to keep her out of the county poor house. He kept tramping over to Castle Marling every week after he bought the place, telling me it was on business. Business. Bah! He just pitied her, that's all. I hope he knows his own mind. If he had consulted me (*bus*). Why when those two gold fish, she left behind her, died, he had a fit. Hum! I didn't. I'll stay right here, or she'll

bring him to beggary. I shall be his guardian angel.

(Enter Miss Hare and Levison gate Center.)

LEVISON.

(C) Good afternoon, Miss Corney.

CORNEY.

Good afternoon, *(X's to Barbara)*, good afternoon, Miss Hare. How's your mother and the justice?

BARBARA.

(L) Very well, thank you.

CORNEY.

Joyce you can finish the table. *(Change lights to amber, foots down one notch.)*

DILL.

Yes, Miss Corney. *(Exits house R.)*

CORNEY.

We expect Archibald and his wife shortly, so make yourself at home, out here if you like.

LEVISON.

Thank you, Miss Corney, I have arranged a bit of a reception for them as they drive into the village.

CORNEY.

Have you, indeed, Mr. Levison. ,

LEVISON.

Captain Levison, Miss Corney.

CORNEY.

Well, Captain Levison, I'll be obliged to you, if you'd mind your own business.

LEVISON.

Don't be rude, Miss Corney.

CORNEY.

I'm not rude. I'm so excited over this marriage of Archiba'd.

BARBARA.

Well you should be.

CORNEY.

Now why, Miss Barbara Hare should you say that?

BARBARA.

Time will tell, Miss Corney.

JOYCE.

(*Enters from house.*) Miss Corney, will you come and look at the table.

CORNEY.

(*Going.*) I'll be back shortly. (*Exits with Joyce.*)

LEVISON.

Charming female. Well, Miss Barbara, Carlyle's marriage was a great surprise to the neighborhood. He kept it so quiet. We all thought he was going to marry you.

BARBARA.

Capt. Levison, I would rather not discuss the matter at all.

LEVISON.

I shall respect your feelings, Miss Hare. (*Sees chain on her neck.*) Pardon Miss Hare, but what an odd chain. May I look at it?

BARBARA.

Certainly. (*He does so.*) A gift of Mr. Carlyle's some months ago—before—

LEVISON.

How strange.

BARBARA.

Why strange?

LEVISON.

Did you notice where the chain has been broken and welded again?

BARBARA.

Yes.

LEVISON.

Well, I broke it.

BARBARA.

You? That is strange.

LEVISON.

I took it off Lady Isabelle's neck.

BARBARA.

Lady Isabelle's neck? (*Starts*).

LEVISON.

Lady Isabelle's neck. I dropped it and it broke, there. (*Pointing to it*.)

BARBARA.

Lady Isabelle's neck? Impossible.

LEVISON.

It's a fact.

BARBARA.

Mr. Carlyle bought this at a shop in London. He would not—could not be guilty of such a thing as to get it from her and give it to me.

LEVISON.

Oh? No, indeed. Miss Hare, Lady Isabelle was compelled to sell most of her jewels to pay her father's debts. Some Mr. Carlyle got with the estate. Some were sold in London. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle did buy THAT at a shop in London.

BARBARA.

Oh! (*Takes off chain and is about to throw it on the ground*).

LEVISON.

Don't, Miss Hare. Don't blame the poor chain, besides it's so pretty and looks so well upon your charming neck.

BARBARA.

(*Aside*) Archibald, Archibald. (*Goes L.*)

LEVISON.

(*Aside.*) Jealous—good. By the way, Miss Hare, any news of your brother?

BARBARA.

Nothing, Capt. Levison. Mr. Carlyle has the case in charge and is satisfied he can prove his innocence.

LEVISON.

Oh, indeed.

BARBARA.

Yes, there seems to have a man named Thorn (*Levison starts*) paying attention to Afy Hal-john at the time of the murder and the new clues seem to point to him.

LEVISON.

Thorn! (*He looks for his handkerchief.*) I've dropped my handkerchief somewhere. (*Looks for it.*)

BARBARA.

Yes, a certain Capt. Thorn .

LEVISON.

I sincerely hope he will be brought to justice, Miss Hare, and your brother will have the freedom an innocent man deserves.

BARBARA.

Thank you, Capt. Levison. Isn't it nearly time for them to arrive?

LEVISON.

(*Looking at watch*). Nearly. There will be a merry time when Lady Isabelle's guardian, Lord. Mt. Severen, learns of her marriage. She wedded without his knowledge. He is on a tour of the continent. They've been married six months, have they not?

BARBARA.

Yes; I think it is six months.

LEVISON.

Quite a long, sweet honeymoon. (*Barbara winces.*)

CORNEY.

(*Enter from house.*) Any sign of the fools yet?

(*She has a large bouquet of flowers.*)

LEVISON.

Not yet. May I help you, Miss Corney?

CORNEY.

No, thank you. (*X. to L.*)

LEVISON.

(*Bus. with finger.*) My word, what a thorn that bunch of roses has.

DILL.

(*Enter from house, also with flowers.*) They are coming. I saw them from the tower window.

CORNEY.

What an old fool you are. You're decked out like a young buck.

DILL.

Am I really, Miss Corney? I thought—I thought—

CORNEY.

What did I tell you about thinking. You should be ashamed of yourself.

DILL.

Well, Miss Corney, I'll go change them.

CORNEY.

No, Archibald and his silly wife may like them.

(Cheering is heard in the distance—band if possible.) (Change cal. to red, foots some.)

LEVISON.

Here they come. *(All go up C)*. What a pretty sight. See the young people throw those flowers.

CORNEY.

The foo's! *(Goes R)*. *(Barbara has half fallen by tree bench L.)*

LEVISON.

What's the matter, Miss Hare?

BARBARA.

Nothing, Capt. Levison.

(Cheers nearer also band. Carriages appears at gate, Carlyle alights, helps Lady Isabelle. Servants enter from house and carry luggage into house.)

CARLYLE.

(Coming center). My dear, welcome to your childhood home. Cornelia, this is my wife. Isabelle, this is my sister Cornelia.

CORNEY.

(X to Isabelle, pushes flowers into her arms.)
I hope you're well, ma'am. *(Courtesying)*.

CARLYLE.

Levison, I'm glad to see you. *(Levison Xs to Isabelle)* and Barbara, this is splendid of you. My dear, this is Miss Barbara Hare, an old and very dear friend of the family. *(Isabelle X to Barbara.)*

ISABELLE.

I'm very glad to meet you. I trust we may be the best of friends.

BARBARA.

I hope we may, Lady Isabelle. *(Barbara joins Levison up L.)*

CARLYLE.

(Who is right, with Dill) And this, my dear, is my confidential clerk, Mr. Dill.

ISABELLE.

(X to Dill) I'm sure we shall be great friends, Mr. Dill.

CARLYLE (C.)

Well, Levison, I'm a very happy man.

(Takes Isabelle in his arms.)

ISABELLE.

Don't be foolish, Archie. *(She puts her hand over his mouth. He holds her close to him.) (Levison and Dill laugh. Barbara turns and walks up stage.)*

CARLYLE.

Dill, do you see how I'm buried?

DILL.

Indeed, I do, sir—and I'd die this minute to have such a funeral. *(All laugh.)*

CORNEY.

(Who has been R.) The fools! *(Exit in house.)*

CARLYLE.

Have you arranged our apartments, Corney—and the luncheon?

CORNEY.

Yes, Archibald, I have.

CARLYLE.

Capt. Levison, if you and Miss Hare will await us in the library we'll get rid of the dust of travel and join you presently.

LEVISON.

Delighted. Come, Miss Hare, *(Exits into house).*

CARLYLE.

Isabelle, I'll turn you over to my sister.

ISABELLE.

Oh, don't leave me.

ISABELLE.

Why, what's the matter?

ISABELLE.

(Hiding face in shoulder.)

CARLYLE.

Why, my darling, we're old married people, married six months. *(bus.)* I want all our lives to be just like this moment, a perpetual honeymoon. *(Kisses her.)*

(Corney enters. Sniffs.)

CARLYLE.

Corney, will you show Isabelle to her apartments.

CORNEY.

Yes. *(X's L.)*

CARLYLE.

I'll be back in a moment. *(Bus.)*

(Isabelle watches him off.)

CORNEY.

Well! *(Isabelle starts.) (Removes hat and wrap. Corney takes them.)* I suppose you'll drink a cup of tea?

ISABELLE.

Yes. Thank you.

CORNEY.

Very well, but it will keep you awake all night. I hope you will be contented at East Lynne.

ISABELLE.

Contented, of course I shall. I spent many happy, happy days here and Archie is so kind and good.

CORNEY.

Yes, Archibald is of a very kind and generous nature.

ISABELLE.

I've been planning how I shall pass the day. I shall ride to town with Archie, assist him with his business. In, fact, be his confidential clerk. Do you think he will let me?

CORNEY.

He'd be a fool if he did.

ISABELLE.

And I shall try and help you as much as I can. We shall be great friends, Miss Corney. (*Attempts to kiss her. Miss Corney pushes her away. Archie enters in time to see this bus.*)

CORNEY.

(*As she x's to Archie.*) She's really the most peculiar girl. (*Exits house.*)

ISABELLE.

How queer your sister is. I tried to kiss her just now and she seemed quite frightened. I don't think she was ever kissed before.

CARLYLE.

Yes, Corney is a bit strange. You'll like her better when you come. (*As they exit Barbara Hare appears on balcony from window C.*) to know you. Come, dear, our friends are waiting.

BARBARA.

Does he love that woman? I can't stand it—I can't stand it. (*Dick Hare enters in disguise. Sees Barbara on balcony.*) (*Barbara hearing noise.*) Who's there!

DICK.

Barbara! Barbara! (*She turns.*)

BARBARA.

Richard, you—why are you here, brother?

DICK.

Its most important. I came from London to-day, went to our old meeting place—old John told me you had come over here. (*She starts down.*) No, no, stay here, if any one comes I can step out of the gate and be off.

BARBARA.

Oh, brother, will this ever end? Will the day ever come when you can leave off that disguise and be with us again?

DICK.

Yes, sister, within a week I will have enough evidence to enable me to give myself up and prove that Thorn is the murderer. See this, (*Takes out handkerchief.*) I just picked it up. You remember my telling you what a dandy he was—diamonds, jewelry and the strange perfume he used. I found this as I crossed the road. Give this to Mr. Carlyle, as a strong bit of evidence. I'm also on the track of Bethel, his supposed accomplice.

BARBARA.

Thank God, brother! Mother is fast breaking down under the strain. You must see Mr. Carlyle. I'll arrange a meeting for to-morrow at his office. Now you must go.

DICK.

Give him the handkerchief. I'll need money, bring it to me when I see you to-morrow night. (*Kisses her, exit. Barbara starts to exit, meets Levison, who comes out of window—Pause.*)

LEVISON.

Are you ill, Miss Hare?

BARBARA.

No Capt. Levison—the room was a bit close, that's all.

LEVISON.

Yes it was.—Miss Corney has announced

that tea will be served on the lawn and Mr. Carlyle has been asking for you. I shall walk over to the stable and order the horses for eight o'clock. You'll excuse me?

BARBARA.

Certainly. (*Exits through window.*)

LEVISON.

I can see fine fun here. So they're on the track of Thorn, eh. I must send word to Bethel. That young man, Mr. Richard Hare, must be disposed of. He must not be arrested, he might make it quite pleasant for Thorn. (*Laughs Exits C.*) (*Joyce and Wilson enter from house with tea table C.*)

WILSON.

I think Miss Corney's crazy—fix the dining table—and then change the whole thing to the lawn.

JOYCE.

She's quite beside herself. I think she is afraid Mr. Carlyle will send her back to West Lynne. (*Enter Isabelle from house.*)

WILSON.

She'd better stay here and watch that stuck up thing, Barbara Hare. She'll be giving the new mistress a cup of poison the first thing you know.

JOYCE.

Wilson, hold your tongue! Go fetch the ^{*}fruit and cake. (*Wilson exit.*)

ISABELLE.

(*Coming Center.*) What's that I overheard—give me poison, who?

JOYCE.

Wilson's only gossiping, my lady—Everyone in East Lynne thought Mr Carlyle was to marry Miss Hare. She was mad in love with him.

ISABELLE.

Joyce! Never repeat such foolish gossip, Joyce.

JOYCE.

No, my lady.

(*Lord Mt. Severn enters gate C. in riding costume.*)

LORD MT. SEVERN.

(*To Joyce.*) I would like to see Mr. Carlyle at once, if you please.

ISABELLE.

(*Turning comes down.*) Lord Mt. Severn, I'm so glad to see you.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

So, Lady Isabelle, you are married.

ISABELLE.

Some months ago, Lord Mt. Severn.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

Will you have your servant call Mr. Carlyle?

ISABELLE.

Joyce, ask Mr. Carlyle to come here.

JOYCE.

Yes, Madam. (*Exits.*)

LORD MT. SEVERN.

Isabelle, why why was I kept in ignorance of this marriage?

ISABELLE.

In ignorance? Why, Uncle, Mr. Carlyle wrote you as also did Lady Mt. Severn.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

Strange, strange, but what of Capt. Levison? I thought all was arranged between you and him before I left home.

ISABELLE.

I did not love Capt. Levison.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

Do you love Mr. Carlyle?

ISABELLE.

Yes, I love Mr. Carlyle. He came to Castle

Marling at Easter on business. We met quite often. He proposed, I accepted him and I am happy.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

Isabelle, pray God you may continue so. Marriages beneath one's station seldom end happily. (*Archie enters from house X to C, offers hand to Lord Mt. Severn, which he refuses.*)

LORD MT. SEVERN.

Isabelle, will you leave us. I wish to speak to Mr. Carlyle.

ISABELLE.

Certainly. Archie, insist upon Lord Mt. Severn staying over night.

CARLYLE.

I will, dear. Now leave us. (*She exits.*) Lord Mt. Severn, I will hear you.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

Mr. Carlyle, do you possess so little honor that, taking advantage of my absence, you intrude yourself upon my family and chandestinely marry Lady Isabelle Vane, my ward?

CARLYLE.

Sir, there has been nothing clandestine in my conduct toward Lady Isabelle Vane, your niece, nor shall there be anything but honor in my conduct towards Lady Isabelle Carlyle, my wife. Your Lordship has been misinformed.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

I have not been informed at all. I was allowed to learn this through a public journal.

CARLYLE.

My first action after Isabelle accepted me was to write to your Lordship asking your consent.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

And pray, sir, where did you direct your letter?

CARLYLE.

Lady Mt. Severn could not give me your address, as you were then traveling, but she said if I would entrust my letter to her care she would forward it to you with the one she was then writing. I did so, and in a few days received a message from her Ladyship that as you had returned no answer, you of course, approved of the match.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

Mr. Carlyle, is that a fact?

CARLYLE.

My Lord, I am a man of truth. Until this moment the thought that you were ignorant of our marriage never occurred to me.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

So far, then, I ask your pardon. But how came the ceremony to be hurried on in this unseemly fashion?

CARLYLE.

Business took me to Castle Marling on Good Friday. I called at your house, I found Lady Isabelle ill-treated and miserable.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

What! Ill-treated and miserable?

CARLYLE.

Ill-treated even to blows, my Lord. I learned all this through your little son. Isabelle, of course, would not have told me; but when he had spoken she could not deny it. In short, she was too completely bowed in spirit to do so. It aroused all my feelings of indignation. I had seen much of Lady Isabelle after her father's death. I had grown to love her. I could not see her suffer. Her sweet, beautiful nature was being crushed. I took courage and asked her to be my wife. I brought her to East Lynne, where she will at least have peace and happiness.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

You say you love her?

CARLYLE.

I love her devotedly. Country solicitors have married peers' daughters before to-day.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

But you can not keep her as a peer's daughter.

CARLYLE.

East Lynne will be our home. Our establishment will be small and quiet as compared with her father's. I explained this to Isabelle when I asked for her hand, and she might have refused had she so wished. I explained also in full to Lady Mt. Severn. My profession is lucrative, my income good. Were I to die to-morrow, Isabelle would enjoy East Lynne and about 3,000 pounds per annum. I gave these details in the letter which appears to have miscarried.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

Sir, I refused you my hand when you came in, perhaps you will refuse me yours now, although I should be proud to take it, and in my opinion you have acted most honorably. (*They shake hands.*)

CARLYLE.

Thank you, my Lord. Won't you honor us with your company for the night? We are to have tea, which has already been delayed.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

If you will accept me as I am.

CARLYLE.

With pleasure. (*Enter Lady Isabelle.*)

LORD MT. SEVERN.

Isabelle, I came here to-day prepared to strike your husband; I go away honoring him.

ISABELLE.

(*X's to L. M. S.*) Lord Mt. Severn, you add much to my great happiness and I thank you.

(Corney, Barbara and Dill enter from house, Levison from gate... Barbara and Dill meet Levison up C.)

CARLYLE.

Lord Mt. Severn, this is my sister.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

Your servant, Madam.

CORNEY.

Miss, if you please. How do you do!
(Shakes hands. Archie and Lord M. S. join L. C. He is presented to all. To Isabelle.) I suppose you will sleep late in the morning, ma'am?

ISABELLE.

I think so, why?

CORNEY.

The butcher will be here at six o'clock for his dinner order. Will you give it to me now so I may tell him?

ISABELLE.

Order a dinner? *(Aside.)* I never ordered a dinner in my life. Well, then, Miss Corney, you may tell them we'll have something to roast and something to boil.

CORNEY.

Something to roast and something to boil! Are you aware that such an order would puzzle the butcher to know whether you desired a few pounds of meat or a whole cow?

ISABELLE.

A whole cow! O bless me, Miss Corney, I never could eat a whole cow, could you? *(bus.)* Well, then, Miss Corney, order as much meat as you think Archie and yourself will require. I don't want any.

CORNEY.

Lady Isabelle, if you desire it, I will give the necessary orders myself.

ISABELLE.

Oh! do if you please, Miss Corney. I wanted to ask you to do it all the while but I didn't want to trouble you. I don't think I know much about housekeeping.

CORNEY.

I don't think you do. Poor Archibald! *(Corney flaunts up to the tea and cake, goes down R and sits alone. Archie meets Isabelle C.)*

CARLYLE.

My dear, Mr. Dill has told me of a very worthy charity. You remember that old musician, Mr. Kane, who tuned the piano at Castle Marling?

ISABELLE.

Yes, indeed. Poor soul, how ill he looked!

CARLYLE.

He is quite ill now. Some of his friends are arranging a benefit concert at East Lynne Hall for next Friday night, and——

ISABELLE.

And I'll be Mr. Kane's good fairy. I'll sell tickets. To begin with, we'll take ten. Capt. Levison, I'll count on you for at least five, and Mr. Dill——

DILL.

Put me down for two, Lady Isabelle.

ISABELLE.

Isn't it fine! The poor old man told me he had five little ones. The poor, dear soul. Now, Lord Mont Severn—how many?

LORD MT. SEVERN.

My dear Isabelle.

ISABELLE.

Now, now, Uncle, you and Lady Mount Severn can drive over from Castle Marling in state.

Just think what a treat it will be for the East Lynne folks. The hall won't be able to hold the people when they hear that Lord and Lady Mount Severn will be there. You'll come, won't you, Uncle? (*bus*) Now, now, you must—that's a dear, good guardian.

LORD MT. SEVERN.

(*Laughing*) Yes, I'll come. Put me down for ten.

ISABELLE.

(*Joyfully*) Twenty-four tickets—splendid—Now, Miss Hare, how many may I put you down for? (*Sees necklace, stops and looks at it. Pause.*)

BARBARA.

(*Seeing Isabelle looking at chain, plays with it.*) You may put me down for four, Lady Isabelle.

ISABELLE.

(*Slowly.*) What an odd chain, Miss Hare—quite pretty.

BARBARA.

Yes, it was an old family heirloom, I believe. Mr. Carlyle gave it to me—some months ago. (*She turns to Levison, who has been watching them. Isabelle stands L. overcome.*)

CORNEY.

(*Rises*) Archibald, come here! (*He X's to her.*) What nonsense is this? Ten shillings for a few pieces of card board? You always were a noodle about money. She will bring you to beggary.

CARLYLE.

(*Laughs*) Nonsense, Corney. (*She pouts and goes up on balcony. Joyce and Wilson enter and clear away tea things.*) Capt. Levison, won't you spend the night with us? Dinner will be served at eight thirty, then a smoke and a

chat. Never mind your dress, Lady Isabelle will forgive you this time. (*Isabelle assents.*)

LEVISON.

Delighted, I'm sure.
(*Change lights*) (*Foots down; blue cal. on.*)

BARBARA.

I must be going. Good night, Lady Isabelle!

ISABELLE.

Good night, Miss Hare! (*Barbara Xs to Archie.*)

BARBARA.

Good night, Archie!

CARLYLE.

Good night; Barbara! Give my love to your mother. I'll see your brother to-morrow. I placed the handkerchief in my desk. It's a strong bit of evidence. Have courage! Dill, will you see Miss Barbara home?

DILL.

Yes, sir. (*Barbara says good night to all; exits with Dill C.*)

CARLYLE.

Corney, will you have Joyce show Lord Mount Severn and Capt. Levison to their rooms. We dine at eight thirty.

LEVISON.

If you'll permit me, I'll take a stroll and a smoke before dinner.

CARLYLE.

Certainly! (*Levison exits.*)

CORNEY.

If you will follow me, Lord Mount Severn. (*Bus. He passes her into house.*) Humph, more useless expense! (*Exits.*)

CARLYLE.

Well, darling—(*Startled at her looks.*) How tired you look!

ISABELLE.

No, no; I'm not tired. This Hare family—you have known them for a long time?

CARLYLE.

Since I was a boy.

ISABELLE.

So long?—Don't you think Miss Hare pretty?

CARLYLE.

Yes, very pretty.

ISABELLE.

I wonder you never fell in love with her. (*Intensely.*) You never did love her, did you, Archie—you never did?

CARLYLE.

My darling—what's the matter?

ISABELLE.

You never cared for Barbara Hare, did you?

CARLYLE.

Isabelle, my darling, what can have put such a thought in your head. I never loved but one—that one I made my wife.

ISABELLE.

(*Breaking down and putting her arms about his neck, sobbing.*) Archie, you don't know how happy you make me. I love you—you—you.

CARLYLE.

My darling, I love you with all my soul.

JOYCE.

(*Enters Door R.*) Miss Corney says dinner will be served at 8:30.

CARLYLE.

Thank you, Joyce. You'll find us in the music room. (*They go into the music room through window C. Isabelle plays, Archie sings, "You'll Remember Me."*)

(*Barabara Hare appears at gate C. Levison strolls on from R. smoking. Sees Barbara and steps back.*)

PICTURE.

CURTAIN.



ACT II.

Lights—See Plot.

Scene—See Plot.

Music—At rise, "Traumerei."

Evening.

(Isabelle at window looking out. Archibald writing at desk. Pause; ejaculation from Isabelle. Archie turns.)

CARLYLE.

What is it, dear?

ISABELLE.

Nothing—nothing. *(Carlyle turns away. Isabelle comes slowly down.)* I just saw Levison cross the lawn. How much longer is he going to stay here?

CARLYLE.

Until his uncle, Sir Peter Levison, consents to pay his debts for him, which I hope will be in a few days, after which the Captain will be free to walk on his Majesty's dominions an unmolested man.

ISABELLE.

I wish you had never asked him here.

CARLYLE.

But, my dear, I could scarcely do otherwise after his kindness to you during your illness at Nice.

ISABELLE.

And you left me there so long alone.

CARLYLE.

Now, my dear, don't let us recall unpleasant things. You know business kept me at home.

ISABELLE.

Business, business, always business. You've never told me what that business was.

CARLYLE.

My darling, I told you all I could—that it was in the interest of Barbara's brother. (*Turning away as if to dismiss the subject.*)

ISABELLE.

(*Pause.*) Will there ever come a time when you can tell me all regarding Barbara Hare?

CARLYLE.

Yes, my dear, some day.

ISABELLE.

Why not now?

CARLYLE.

Isabelle, my dear, a lawyer, like a doctor, must regard all confidences as sacred. Let us talk of something more pleasant.

(*Wilson Enters.*)

WILSON.

The carriage is waiting, sir.

CARLYLE.

Has Mr. Dill come yet?

WILSON.

He has just come and is waiting to see you.

CARLYLE.

Tell him I'll see him here.

ISABELLE.

Are you going out, Archie?

CARLYLE.

Yes, dear, to Justice Hare's to attend to some important matters regarding the coming election. I hope to return in time to take you to Mrs. Jefferson's dinner and ball, but if not, Capt. Levison will escort you. By the way, my dear, you must not show your dislike for him while he is our guest.

ISABELLE.

I don't dislike him. (*X's to fireplace.*)

CARLYLE.

What is it then? Has he annoyed you?

ISABELLE.

No, no; it's nothing—only——

CARLYLE.

Now, my darling, don't give way to those moods again, or I shall have to send you back to Nice.

ISABELLE.

(*Going to him.*) No, no; don't, don't; not that. Never send me away from you again. (*Clings to him.*)

CARLYLE.

Not so long as you are a good girl. (*Kisses her.*) Now run away to your babies. It's your hour with them. After I see Dill, I must be off to——

ISABELLE.

To West Lynne? Will you see Miss Hare? Why can't Dill attend to the matter for you? I want you with me this evening so much, Archie.

CARLYLE.

Come, come now, run away to that fine boy of ours. You should have seen him this morning. He held out his chubby arms to me and called me papa. He's a great lad, my dear. (*X's to stairs with Isabelle.*)

ISABELLE.

(*Changing manner.*) Isn't he beautiful, Archie? Just as cunning as he can be. He took my cheeks in his chubby little hands so, (*bus*) and said, "Mamma, you are so beautiful; as beautiful as papa."

DILL.

(*Enters L.*) Good evening, Mr. Carlyle. Lady Isabelle, I hope I see you well.

ISABELLE.

Quite well, thank you, Mr. Dill. (*Dill X's to desk R.*)

CARLYLE.

I'll be back within the hour, my dear. (*Kisses her, X's to desk. Dill gives papers, sits.*)

ISABELLE.

(*Going up stairs.*) West Lynne—always West Lynne. (*Exit Lady Isabelle, upstairs.*)

DILL.

(*Taking out bank notes.*) Here, sir, are the fifty pounds you told me to draw for Dick Hare's mother, and this is the letter from Dick accounting for his strange disappearance four years ago. (*Archie takes letter and reads.*)

CARLYLE.

Yes, Miss Barbara has given me the full details. Strange! It is remarkable, Dill, how these villains are able to cover up their tracks.

DILL.

Remarkable, sir. The night you came home from your wedding trip he disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him up.

CARLYLE.

That night I was convinced of his innocence. Some one in East Lynne penetrated his disguise and put him out of the way. Some one in the of that man Thorn.

DILL.

It was a very shrewd move, sir.

CARLYLE.

Indeed it was. This man Thorn, whoever he is, knew full well it was better to have him cut of the way than in the hands of the police. Dick's testimony would have caused an investigation and possibly Thorn's conviction.

DILL.

I hope, sir, we'll have enough evidence soon. Even if Thorn is not found, Dick can then go free.

CARLYLE.

I hope so, Dill.

DILL.

I also brought the plaster heel cast, the piece of cloth from the hunting coat, and this handkerchief. (*Gives them to Archie.*)

CARLYLE.

That is a peculiar perfume, Dill. (*Taking articles, smells package.*) Strange, Dill. (*Dill smells it.*)

DILL.

Quite strange, sir.

CARLYLE.

Strange.—I've caught that odor about the house lately. It must be my imagination. (*Takes package again.*) Strange. (*Putting package in desk and locking drawer.*) When we find Thorn this will be one of the strongest links in the chain. (*Levison enters window back of screen.*)

DILL.

This man Thorn is very clever, sir.

CARLYLE.

Indeed he is, Dill. But murder will out, and I hope some day to bring him to the scaffold.

LEVISON.

(*In window.*) Indeed, Mr. Carlyle!

CARLYLE.

Now, Dill, I'm off to West Lynne. By the way, no one must ever know that there is any money transaction between Miss Hare and myself.

DILL.

I understand, sir.

CARLYLE.

You go to the dining room and Joyce will prepare you a cup of tea.

DILL.

(*Delighted.*) Thank you, sir. Miss Joyce makes excellent tea. (*Exit door R.*)

CARLYLE.

(*Rises, X's C, meets Levison, who has made a pretense of just coming in from window.*) Ah! Levison, I have good news from Sir Peter. He has consented to give you another chance, with the understanding that this is the last offense.

LEVISON.

Carlyle, it's the easiest thing in the world to make a promise. I assure you, Sir Peter will never have reason to regret giving me another chance. I don't know how to thank you. (*Offers hand, Carlyle takes it.*)

CARLYLE.

Don't say a word, Levison. I'll take the will for the deed. I'm off to West Lynne. (*Takes hat.*) Make yourself at home.

LEVISON.

I will, thank you. (*Archie exits.*) So you think Thorn a clever man. Well, he is, if I do say so myself. (*X's to fire.*) Well, my visit here has accomplished two things: Firstly, re-established me in the good graces of my Uncle

Peter—God bless him—when he dies—and may that be soon; secondly, I discovered that Miss Hare is playing fast and loose with Mr. Archibald Carlyle, Isabelle is insanely jealous, and they are gradually drifting apart. Carlyle is such a good-hearted noodle he can't see what Miss Barbara is up to. Isabelle, I think my chance has come to win you back. So, Carlyle, you will bring Thorn to the scaffold, eh? Well, well; he may be a thorn in your side. (*Corney enters—sees Levison Xing without a word.*) My word, what a long tail our cat's got.

CORNEY.

Did you speak to me, sir?

LEVISON.

Only an ejaculation of admiration, my dear Miss Corney.

CORNEY.

Capt. Levison, I don't want any admiration or ejaculation from you, sir.

LEVISON.

My dear Miss Corney, I am so susceptible that when your lovely form flitted like a fairy across my vision, I was compelled to utter a few words of admiration.

CORNEY.

Capt. Levison, you are a fool. (*X to L.*)

LEVISON.

Don't, Miss Corney, you cut me to the heart.

CORNEY.

Insulting puppy!

LEVISON.

I wonder you never married some good man, Miss Corney.

CORNEY.

I never found a man good enough, sir, and I don't think there are any good men, judging

from the example I see before me. (*Wheels are heard*) Now, who in the world can that be?

LEVISON.

(*Xing to window.*) It's that charming Miss Hare again.

CORNEY.

(*Going up.*) Yes, she's come to spend the evening with me.

LEVISON.

She seems to spend a great many evenings here.

CORNEY.

Well, Capt. Levison, she is more welcome than some people that I know. (*X C.*)

LEVISON.

I thought Carlyle just drove over to see her?

CORNEY.

There are other people in West Lynne for him to see besides Miss Hare, sir.

LEVISON.

Well, Miss Corney, I'll take great pleasure in relieving you of my detested presence.

CORNEY.

(*Mock courtesy.*) The pleasure is all mine, Capt. Levison. (*Levison repeats bus. and exits window C.*) (*Barbara enters door L, Corney C.*) Thank goodness, Barbara, you came. I'm just beside myself. That insinuating Levison gets so on my nerves. He just left me. I can hardly keep my hands off him. (*Bus.*) (*Enter Isabelle, dawn R, rather excited.*)

ISABELLE.

Good evening, Miss Hare.

BARBARA.

Good evening, Lady Isabelle.

ISABELLE.

Miss Corney, may I speak to you privately?

CORNEY.

Yes (*shortly*). Barbara, you go to the living room. It's good of you to come over and help me. I'll be with you in a few moments. (*Barbara exits L.*)

ISABELLE.

(*Aside*. Archie could not have gone to see her this time.) Why was it necessary to have Miss Hare come to help you? What is she to do?

CORNEY.

There is all that linen to hem and repair. I asked you to help me a few days ago.

ISABELLE.

I engaged a seamstress to do the work, Miss Corney.

CORNEY.

Such extravagance!—I sent her away.

ISABELLE.

So I understand from Joyce. That reminds me of what I wanted to speak to you about. You also countermanded the order for little Isabelle's new frock.

CORNEY.

I did, Lady Isabelle. She no more requires a new frock than I do. Lord knows, I have enough.

ISABELLE.

Miss Corney, I am the best judge of what my children and myself require and in the future you will please not alter any arrangements I may make, and furthermore, I don't care to have the neighbors called in to do work for which we are well able to pay.

CORNEY.

Able to pay—you'll be sorry for not listen-

ing to me when your husband is brought to beggary. Archie works like a horse now and with all my striving to save, can hardly keep expenses down. (*Angrily leave the room L.*)

ISABELLE.

(*With almost a cry*) What am I in my own house? Nothing. And this woman—this Barbara Hare—always here, or Archie with her. This woman shall not come between us. I must have his love. I must have peace or I shall go mad.

LEVISON.

(*Enters from garden. He has a large red rose.*) Lady Isabelle, this is the first time I've seen you to-day.

LEVISON.

(*Recovering.*) Good evening, Captain!

ISABELLE.

I just picked this beautiful rose. Will you accept it?

ISABEL.

Thank you, Captain. (*Takes rose.*) It's very pretty.

LEVISON.

This is a beautiful evening, Isabelle. Do you remember the evening, Isabelle, such a one as this, we all passed at Richmond, your father, Mrs. Vane, you, I and the others?

ISABELLE.

Yes, I remember it well. The two Miss Challoners were with us. We had passed a very pleasant day. You drove Mrs. Vane home and I drove with poor papa.

LEVISON.

You remember, I drove recklessly and Mrs. Vane declared I should never drive her again, which meant until the next time. Of all the capricious, vain, exacting women, Emma Vane was the worst. She was a systematic flirt, noth-

ing better. I drove her recklessly on purpose to put her in a fright and pay her off.

ISABELLE.

Pay her off? Why, what had she done?

LEVISON.

Put me in a rage, saddled herself on me when she knew I desired another companion.

ISABELLE.

Oh, yes; I remember—Blanche Chaloner.

LEVISON.

Blanche Chaloner. (Laughs.) No, Lady Isabelle, it was not Blanche. You might have made a better guess at that time.

ISABELLE.

I don't understand you.

LEVISON.

The past is gone and cannot be recalled. We have both played our cards like simpletons. If ever two beings were formed to love each other, you and I were. I sometimes thought you read my feelings.

ISABELLE.

Read your feelings?

LEVISON.

Lady Isabelle, but a few words, and then I am silent forever. I would have declared myself then, but my debts, my uncertain position, my inability to keep a wife, crushed my hopes and so I suffered you to escape me.

ISABELLE.

Capt. Levison!

LEVISON.

One moment, I pray. I have long wished you to know why I lost you, a loss that tells upon me yet, but I did not know how passionately I loved you until you became the wife of another,

ISABELLE.

Stop! Stop! You must not speak to me in this way.

LEVISON.

What I have said can do no harm now, the time has gone by. We have each chosen our paths in life and must abide by them. The gulf between us is impassable, but the fault was mine. I ought to have avowed my affection for you and not have suffered you to throw yourself away on Mr. Carlyle.

ISABELLE.

Throw myself away on my husband. I married him of my own choice and have never since regretted it.

LEVISON.

You love your husband?

ISABELLE.

I love my husband! (*Goes up to stairs. Levison X. R. slight pause.*)

LEVISON.

Don't go—(*Pause. Bus.*) Forget what I have said and let me continue to be as I have always been, a friend, a brother, endeavoring to be of service to you in the absence of Mr. Carlyle.

ISABELLE.

It is what I have suffered you to be, looking upon you in the light of a friend—a relative, otherwise I would not have permitted your incessant companionship. My husband, whom you would depreciate in my eyes, has sheltered you and screened you from the law. He has thanked you for your attentions to me.

LEVISON.

I ask your pardon, Lady Isabelle. I have acknowledged my fault; I cannot do more, but

there are moments when our heart's dearest feelings must break through the conventionalities of life and betray themselves, in spite of our sober judgment.

ISABELLE.

If you ever presume so again, I shall go directly to my husband.

LEVISON.

I shall not forget myself again, Lady Isabelle. (*Bus*) By the way, I met Miss Hare as she came in this evening. She grows prettier every day. She comes here quite often, does she not?

ISABELLE.

Yes, as a guest of Miss Corney's, I believe.

LEVISON.

I think Miss Hare shows very bad taste in being so persistent. (*Isabelle turns.*) I don't mean exactly that, but after four years it seems to me.—Well, Isabelle, as a relative, I think I've a right to speak. There is considerable gossip in the village about her visits here and Carlyle and she are seen so much together that I would advise you to speak to Archie on the subject. (*Isabelle has been tearing the rose to bits.*) (*Seeing this.*) My poor little rose. You have torn it to bits. (*Isabelle rises, X's to fireplace. Levison ASIDE, going up.*) There never was a passion, never will be one, so fantastic, so delusive, so powerful as jealousy. (*Drums lightly on piano.*)

ISABELLE.

Even the wagging tongues of the village gossips are at work. Where will it end? I can't bear it. I must have some one to advise me. Lord Mount Severn shall come to me at once. (*Goes to desk back of screen and writes.*)

LEVISON.

(*Leaves piano.*) I think the green-eyed monster is at work. (*Exit C.*)

(*Enter Wilson and Joyce R. with flowers in baskets.*)

WILSON.

What a silly notion of Mr. Carlyle's to have these vases filled every evening with fresh flowers.

JOYCE.

And why not, pray? Lady Isabelle is very fond of flowers.

WILSON.

I say, Joyce, don't you think she looks very ill?—My lady, I mean. My goodness, wouldn't somebody's hopes be raised again if anything were to happen.

JOYCE.

Oh, nonsense, what stuff!

WILSON.

You may say nonsense as much as you like, but they would. She'd snap him up to a dead certainty. She'd never let him escape her a second time. She is just as much in love with him as ever.

JOYCE.

That's all rubbish. Mr. Carlyle never cared for her.

WILSON.

That's more than you know. I've seen him kiss her and he gave her that locket and chain she wears about her neck, and I'm sure she never parts with it.

JOYCE.

How terribly stupid she must be.

WILSON.

And that's not all. I saw them one evening, many months ago, when I lived at Miss Hare's house. She always steals out to the gate when she thinks it is about time for Mr. Carlyle to pass on his way to and from his office on purpose to have a sly chat with him. Well, this evening, I crept down behind the hedges and then I heard

all they were saying. She was crying bitterly, and then I heard Mr. Carlyle tell her that in the future he could be only a dear brother to her; and then I saw him kiss her.

JOYCE.

Then she's a downright fool to go crying about a man that never cared for her.

WILSON.

But she does so yet, and so I say if anything were to happen now, Miss Barbara, as sure as fate would step into her shoes. (*Isabelle exits down R.*)

JOYCE.

Wilson, have the goodness to recollect yourself.

WILSON.

Well, what have I said now? Nothing but the truth. If anything were to happen now——

JOYCE.

Wilson, if you think to pursue this sort of topic at East Lynne, I will inform my lady that you are not fit for the situation.

WILSON.

Then you'll miss the best chance of your life.

JOYCE.

Why! What's that?

WILSON.

Becoming my wife.

JOYCE.

You're a fool, Wilson. I never even thought of such a thing.

WILSON.

But I have. Come, give me a kiss to seal the bargain. (*Attempts to kiss her.*) (*Joyce gives him a sound smack on the cheek.*)

JOYCE.

Get out of here, you fresh young booby!
(*She grabs up a book and chases him out L. He bumps into Dill, who is just entering.*) The idea—the impudent upstart!

DILL.

What's the matter, Miss Joyce?

JOYCE.

What do you think that fresh young puppy did—he asked me to marry him, and then tried to kiss me. Why, I'll—I'll—(*starts to go.*)

DILL.

Don't blame the youth for betraying the passion of a beating heart. Joyce, you know none of us are too old to feel the tender passion. (*bus.*) Love throbs even within my old breast, Joyce. In fact, that's what brought me here this afternoon.

JOYCE.

(*Laughs.*) You, Mr. Dill? Oh, how funny!

DILL.

Don't laugh, my dear Joyce. This feeling of love has been gnawing at my old, dried-up heart for days. I feel like a boy again. You see, I'm not so, old, only sixty eight, just the prime of life. At night in my dreams I can see your sweet face before me. Oh, my dear Joyce, it's like drinking the water of everlasting life.

JOYCE.

(*Who has been staring at him.*) Who in the world could have made your heart rattle like that, Mr. Dill?

DILL.

Oh, Joyce, you see before you a man of years (*falls on his knees*) one who has never loved before, one who (*Corney enters from R. Isabelle down L.*) Dill falls upon his hands, as if

looking for something. Joyce runs off center, laughing.)

CORNEY. ~

Well, you old fool, what are you doing there?

DILL.

(Confused.) Well, you see, Miss Corney—well, you see, Miss Joyce dropped a pin and I was looking for it.

CORNEY.

Get up, don't stop here. Here' a pin, now go along, you old idiot, and give her that.

DILL.

(Very much confused.) Thank you, Miss Corney *(backing up stage)* I'm sure Miss Joyce needs it very much, and I'll—

CORNEY.

Out with you. *(Dill runs out.) (Isabelle comes in R.)*

ISABELLE.

Miss Corney, will you ask Miss Hare to step here a moment?

CORNEY.

What on earth do you want of Miss Hare? She's busy.

ISABELLE.

Will you please do as I ask you?

CORNEY.

(Bus.) The first thing I know I'll be a common servant. *(Exits.)*

ISABELLE.

This woman's visits must cease, now and for all time. I thought I would scream out when those two servants were talking. The gossip of the village, the common talk of servants. *(Barbara enters.)*

BARBARA.

You sent for me, Lady Isabelle?

ISABELLE.

(*Pause.*) Yes, Miss Hare. I will come directly to the point. Your visits to this house must cease.

BARBARA.

Why?

ISABELLE.

Because I desire it.

BARBARA.

That is hardly a sufficient reason, Lady Isabelle. I come here as a guest of Miss Corney.

ISABELLE.

Miss Corney is not the mistress here—I am. You were in love with my husband before I married him. For the past four years you have been a constant visitor here; you have been a constant visitor at my husband's office. It has become common village gossip that the old intimacy between you and Mr. Carlyle is reviving. I have good and sufficient reasons to believe you are trying to win my husband's love from me.

BARBARA.

My visits to your husband have been on a matter of business.

ISABELLE.

Aye,—business—business—that's just it, but that excuse does not satisfy me. You must discontinue your visits to this house.

BARBARA.

And if I refuse, Lady Isabelle?

ISABELLE.

Then I shall find means to compel you to do so.

BARBARA.

By creating a scandal?

ISABELLE.

The scandal has been already created. That

chain you wear about your neck, you show it about the village as a gift from Mr. Carlyle, and as once belonging to me. Once for all, will you leave this house and never enter it again? (*Enter Levison.*)

BARBARA.

No; I will not, and as for loving your husband, I had as much right to love him as you had. I shall always love him, and I shall continue to come here until he asks me to stay away. (*Takes chain off and throws it to the floor.*)

(*Levison enters in time to see this bus.*)

LEVISON.

(*Comes C quick, picks up chain.*) Poor little chain; to whom does it belong?

(*Barbara takes chain; exit L. Isabelle bus.*)

LEVISON.

Isabelle, I can't see you suffer like this—a moment ago when I spoke of my love for you, which has never died, and when I see you suffer so much—Isabelle forgive me—I can't restrain myself.

ISABELLE.

Don't—don't—leave me alone!

LEVISON.

Isabelle, listen to me. This man is unworthy of you. He never loved you. He married you out of pity—or worse, to satisfy his ambition—you the daughter of Lord Mont Severn.

ISABELLE.

You don't know what you are saying. My husband loves me. It's that woman trying to drag him from me.

LEVISON.

Isabelle—I do know what I'm saying—on the day of my arrival here I saw your husband give her money. The day you spent at Castle Marling—they had been alone together for some time.

ISABELLE.

(*With a suppressed scream*) What!

LEVISON.

I swear it to you. Isabelle, every word I've spoken is the truth. I've held my peace because I knew you loved this man, unworthy as he is.

ISABELLE.

(*Turning*) I can't believe my husband is false to me.

LEVISON.

Isabelle, hear me. Will you remain here until your heart is torn from your breast, your name dragged in the dust of public scandal.

ISABELLE.

What shall I do! What shall I do!

LEVISON.

Come with me. My love is too great, too big, to cast you aside at this time when you need protection. Come, we'll go to some quiet spot far away. There you will find peace and rest. Come!

ISABELLE.

(*Who has hardly heard the last speech—looking straight before her.*) If you can prove my husband is false to me I will leave this house forever.

LEVISON.

Isabelle! (*About to take her into his arms when Archie's voice is heard.*)

CARLYLE.

All right, Dill, I'll see you in a few moments. (*Outside.*)

LEVISON.

Your husband! (*Isabelle has dropped into chair L. Has not noticed Archie's voice.*)

CARLYLE.

(*Enter door R.*) Ah, Levison, just the man. I've an important call at the office, which prevents my taking Lady Isabelle to the dinner and ball this evening. Will you be her escort?

LEVISON.

With pleasure. I'll be with you in a moment.

CARLYLE.

Good! (*Levison exits.*) Well, Isabelle—why what's the matter?

ISABELLE.

(*Rises and comes to him C. and take his hands into hers.*) Look at me, Archie. Has there ever been one thought of love that has not been for me, me alone?

ISABELLE.

My darling! (*Tries to put his arms about her.*)

ISABELLE.

No, no—Archie—Look at me—tell me—has there?

CARLYLE.

Isabelle, my child, how many times must I assure you of that. What else can I do to prove it?

ISABELLE.

I'll tell you what you can do. Ask Barbara Hare never to come to this house again.

CARLYLE.

But, my dear——

ISABELLE.

Oh, Archie, I can't stand it any longer. Her visits here have become the gossip of the village, the talk of the servants. You must stop them.

CARLYLE.

Isabelle, I had not thought any one could misconstrue her visits to me.

ISABELLE.

I know, I know. I hear it here, there, everywhere—"She's trying to win his love," "If Lady Isabelle dies, she'll step into her shoes." Oh, Archie, my heart's breaking.

CARLYLE.

Calm yourself, my darling. (*Taking her to sofa—sits.*)

ISABELLE.

You will, Archie—you will ask her not to come here again?

CARLYLE.

Yes, darling, I will.

ISABELLE.

And Archie, if anything should ever happen to me, if I should die, you wont—marry her—Archie?

CARLYLE.

Don't talk of such things, Isabelle.

ISABELLE.

I must. I can't bear the thought of that woman coming here, being with my children. Promise me you will never marry her when I'm gone.

CARLYLE.

Why, my dear, I have never thought of such a thing.

ISABELLE.

And you'll ask Barbara Hare not to come here again?

CARLYLE.

Yes, I'll ask her today.

ISABELLE.

Thank you, Archie. Love me—closer—closer.

(*Levison enters. PAUSE.*)

I'm sorry to disturb you, but I'm ready.

CARLYLE.

Now, Isabelle, go and enjoy yourself, don't think any more of the matter.

I will, Archie. Come, Capt. Levison. (*Kisses Archie.*) (*They go up to window, Isabelle passes out. Archie has gone to desk R. Levison has paused to put on his coat. Barbara enters. Levison touches Isabelle on the arm, she turns, starts back into room. Levison stops her. They step down out of sight of window.*)

CARLYLE.

(*Turning, sees Barbara.*) Why, Barbara, I didn't know you were here. I was just writing you an important note (X C). Barbara, circumstances have arisen which compel me to ask you not to come here again. (*Barbara starts.*) Lady Isabelle is not well, and she has for some unknown reason grown insanely jealous of you. I could not tell her the real reason of your visits. She of course knew I was in some way connected with your brother's case, but only vaguely. (*Barbara sinks on couch.*) Barbara, what is it?

BARBARA.

Archibald Carlyle, you can ask me that? You knew I loved you.

CARLYLE.

No, no.

BARBARA.

Yes, yes, Archie; I have loved you all these years. I did not think you loved her. I thought you married her out of pity.

CARLYLE.

Stop, Barbara.

BARBARA.

I was content to be near you, and wait, hoping that some day—

CARLYLE.

Barbara, dear child; I never lead you to believe I loved you.

BARBARA.

Who was my constant companion? Who gave me this, with a lock of hair in it, once the property of Lady Isabelle? What else could I think?

CARLYLE.

It was only a brother's place I was trying to fill.

BARBARA.

A brother—a fine distinction, Archie. It was love I thought, love I wanted, love I was willing to wait for. Oh, Archie—Archie. *(She breaks down; he puts his arms about her. Levison and Isabelle appear at window.) (Bus.)*

CARLYLE.

Isabelle was right, you must never come here again. All our business must be transacted by Dill in the future.

BARBARA.

Archie! Archie! *(Sobbing.)*

CARLYLE.

Yes, Barbara, that is best. By the way, here is the money I promised your mother to send to Dick. I hope in a few days to have sufficient evidence to enable him to give himself up. Then freedom again.

BARBARA.

(Takes money.) Archie, can you forgive me? I could not contain myself after what had happened.

CARLYLE.

I am more than sorry, dear, but I understand, and it's all for the best. Come, I'll walk to the gate with you. *(Puts his arm about her and supports her out door R. As they exit Isabelle and Levison enter.)*

• ISABELLE.

It's true—it's true! How he lied to me.

Looked into my eyes—lied, lied—Took her in his arms—gave her money. Sent me away with you, so he could be alone with her. Capt. Levison, what does marriage mean?

LEVISON.

I'm not quite sure, but it's a very pleasant convenience for a man.

ISABELLE.

Yes! Yes! Yes! for the man. That's it—for the man, but what of the woman? What is she? The plaything, the doll, to be dressed up, pitied, petted and betrayed by the man, be the mother of his children—What's that some one said, "Marriage is the haven of love, a beautiful rest." Mine has not been that. My husband has betrayed me. Does he expect me to turn the other cheek? No! no! no! I will pay him back in his own coin. It shall be an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

LEVISON.

Isabelle, there is a beautiful rest, a haven of love, still left for you—with me. Come away from this tainted atmosphere with me. I love you Isabelle. I love you with all my soul. Will you come?

ISABELLE.

Yes, yes, take me away. Take me away.

LEVISON.

Come.

ISABELLE.

Wait. (*Goes to desk and writes.*) When years go on and my children ask where their mother is and why she left them, tell them that you, their father, goaded her to it. If they inquire what she is, tell them also, if you will, but tell them at the same time that you outraged and betrayed her, driving her to the depths of desperation ere she quitted them in despair. I saw you take that woman in your arms. I saw you give her money. I have gone to find that love I

so longed for you. I've gone with Capt. Levison. (*Rings bell, Wilson enters.*) Give this to Mr. Carlyle when he comes in. (*Levison at window. Wilson exits doors L.*) Now, Capt. Levison, I'm ready. (*As she goes up she falters, he catches her and they exit quickly at back.*)

CORNEY.

(*Enters, X to window, sees them Xing lawn.*) Lady Isabelle makes such a fuss over Barbara Hare, she had better look out for her own character, galavantin about with that Levison.

JOYCE.

Where's my Lady? Little Isabelle is going to bed and wants her good night kiss from her mother.

(*Carlyle enters down L.*)

CORNEY.

Archie!

CARLYLE.

Well, Corney?

CORNEY.

What in the world do you mean by letting your wife go traipsing about with Francis Levison?

CARLYLE.

I asked Capt. Levison to escort her, as I had an important business engagement.

CORNEY.

Where is she going?

CARLYLE.

To a dinner and ball at Mrs. Jefferson's.

WILLIE.

(*Willie runs on L in night dress. Calling.—*
Mamma, Mamma. (*Joyce following. Willie goes to Archie.*) *Wilson enters R.*)

WILSON.

My Lady left this note, sir.

CARLYLE.

Just a moment, Willie—

(Carlyle reads note—staggers back into chair.)

CORNEY.

Why, Archie, what is it?

CARLYLE.

My God! She's gone.

CORNEY.

Gone! What do you mean?

CARLYLE.

She has eloped with Capt. Levison.

CORNEY.

The disgraceful, miserable, unworthy——

CARLYLE.

Hush, Corney—not one word, not one word
against the mother of my children. *(Takes baby
in arms.)*

CURTAIN.



ACT III.

Scene.—See Plot.

Lights.—See Plot.

Two years elapse.

Music Monastery Bells. Until curtain is well up.

(Isabelle discovered at fireplace L, in a large arm chair, reading letter.)

ISABELLE.

My dear Isabelle my reasons for not returning to you as agreed are simple enough. My Uncle, Sir Peter Levison is dead and, it is necessary that I should remain here until the estate is settled up. Will see you as soon as convenient. Ever yours, Sir Francis Levison—Sir Francis Levison—Its now four months since he left me here, and alone. Dear God, to what depths of depravity have I sunken. (*Tears up letter, puts it into fire*). What is to be the end of my sufferings? How much longer can I bear this torture of mind, this never ending anguish of soul! From what dreams have I awakened! I have sacrificed husband, home, children, friends and all that makes life of value to a woman—and for what? To be forever an outcast from society, to never again know a moment's peace. Oh, that I could die, and end my sufferings and misery. (*Bell rings outside. Isabelle rises X's to R door slams. Levison's voice is heard.*)

LEVISON (*out side.*)

No, I can find my way in.

ISABELLE.

Levison! This must be the end of it all.

LEVISON.

(*Enters C.*) How do you do, Isabelle. (*She does not speak*) *takes off glove, coat and hat, looks in glass, comes C, offers hand*). Glad to see you looking so well. (*She refuses hand. He X's to fireplace.*) It's chilly inside as well as out. (*Bus. at fire*).

ISABELLE.

(*Who has been standing at table R.* Sir Francis Levison—

LEVISON.

Thank you, Lady Isabelle, for the title. It's the first time I've heard it since my arrival in this blasted country.

ISABELLE.

Why did you come now?

LEVISON.

Why did I come? That's a nice question to ask a man who has traveled so far in this damned nasty weather. I thought you would be pleased to see me.

ISABELLE.

Sir Francis Levison. (*Pause.*) I am pleased to see you for one reason. That we may come to an understanding, direct and final.

LEVISON.

What do you mean?

ISABELLE.

Let there be plain truth between us now, if there never was before, naked truth.

LEVISON.

With all my heart. (*Rises and leans on mantel*).

ISABELLE.

(*Comes C*). When you left me last July you gave me a sacred promise to be back in time for our marriage. You know what I mean by IN TIME.

LEVISON.

(*Lighting a cigarette. X's R.*) I wrote you why I could not come. My uncle's estate had to be settled up, and—

ISABELLE.

That is no excuse, Sir Francis. There is to be nothing but naked truth. No evasions.

LEVISON.

(*Drops into chair R.*) Quite right, my dear—the naked truth by all means.

ISABELLE.

(*After an effort*). Why did you not marry me before you went away?

LEVISON.

(*With a laugh.*) Well, you see, Isabelle, out of consideration of my family I could hardly make the sacrifice of marrying a divorced woman.

ISABELLE.

Sacrifice, Sir Francis Levison. I did not wish this marriage for my sake, but for the sake of my child, and now his inheritance must be that of sin and shame. (*Goes R. a little*).

LEVISON.

Tut, tut, my dear, don't take on so, it will all come out right.

ISABELLE.

Did I not ask you once what was the meaning of "marriage?"

LEVISON.

Yes, indeed, and what an argument you made against it. It was really fine, my dear.

ISABELLE.

And pray God I may never have cause to repeat it. Sir Francis Levison, were you here now for the purpose of making me your wife, were the clergyman standing by to perform that ceremony now, I would not permit it. I can imagine any fate in life better than being compelled to pass it with you. (*Is overcome and sinks in chair L.*)

LEVISON.

If you have taken this aversion to me, it cannot be helped, but how could you, Isabelle, dear (*Laughing. Bus. with moustache.*) You made fuss enough once, about my making reparations (*rises*).

ISABELLE

All the reparation that is in your power to make, all the reparation the world could invent, cannot undo my sin.

LEVISON.

Oh, pshaw! Sin? (*Laughs*) Splendid! Really, Isabelle, I didn't think it was in you, but you women should think about these things before.

ISABELLE.

We should, we should. May God help all who are tempted as I was.

LEVISON.

If you mean that as a reproach to me, it's rather out of place. The temptation to sin lay not in my persuasion half so much as in your ridicu'ous, jealous anger against your husband.

ISABELLE.

Quite true! Quite true!

LEVISON.

With regard to your husband and that Hare girl, you were blindly, outrageously jealous.

ISABELLE.

Go on. Go on.

LEVISON.

For my part, I don't believe Carlyle ever thought of the girl in the way you imagine he did.

ISABELLE.

What do you mean?

LEVISON.

There was some secret connected with the Hare family and Carlyle was acting privately for Mrs. Hare.

ISABELLE.

What secret?

LEVISON.

I cannot tell. They did not take me into their confidence. The old girl, I believe, was too ill to attend to the matter herself, so she sent Barbara.

ISABELLE.

You told a different tale, then—(*bus.*)

LEVISON.

I know I did. That was merely my stratagem. All things are fair in love and war. By the by, what have you named the young article there? (*Points to cradle.*)

ISABELLE.

The name which should have been his by inheritance, Francis Levison.

LEVISON.

What does he look like? Anything like my handsome self? (*Bus. at glass.*)

ISABELLE.

If he did—if he were like you in thought or in spirit—I would pray to heaven that he might die before he spoke.

LEVISON.

Anything else? I would advise you to be careful how you deal out your small change. You may get it back with interest. Is my room prepared?

ISABELLE.

You have no room here. These apartments are rented to me in my own name now. They can no longer afford you shelter. I received these from you one month ago. (*Takes package of bank notes from box on table.*) Forty pounds, count them. Are they all right? Because I wish to return them to you. I wish all to end between us.

LEVISON.

No, no, no!

ISABELLE.

Yes, yes, yes!

LEVISON.

If it be your wish that all relation between us should cease, why, so be it. Remember, though, it's your doing, not mine, but you cannot suppose I will allow you to starve. A sum will be placed at your disposal to your credit half-yearly.

ISABELLE.

Capt. Levison, not a penny!

LEVISON.

Why, how can you live? You must receive assistance from someone.

ISABELLE.

But not from you. If I had no means of livelihood, if I could receive no help from strangers, if the whole world denied me, I'd go and ask my

husband for bread, rather than accept one farthing from you.

LEVISON.

Bless us, how bitter! Oh, yes, I know your husband, a very generous man. Its a pity you left him, though. (*Isabelle X's to R. bus.*)

LEVISON.

Now, my dear, don't be foolish. That child must have some little allowance to buy cigarettes with when he gets old enough, and I wish to——

ISABELLE.

Take care—take care! (*Vehemently.*)

LEVISON.

How really magnificent you are when you're angry. I've a great mind to try and win you back. Now, my dear, I will leave this amount here and will make a yearly settlement on the boy, which will avoid any personal appeal for money on your part.

ISABELLE.

Go! Go! Go!

LEVISON.

Just one moment, dearest. Will you accept this money?

ISABELLE.

(*Picks up money, tears it up and throws to floor.*) No. (*X's L.*) No—no—go—

LEVISON.

See here, Mrs. Carlyle. (*Starts towards her. She turns.*)

ISABELLE.

Don't you dare!

LEVISON.

Yes, I do dare. You have driven me to desperation. I thought you weak and would accept my money, I find that I am mistaken. Now, as you said—we'll get down to naked truth. What I want is your silence.

ISABELLE.

My silence?

LEVISON.

Yes, your silence. Damn the day that brat was born! Now, as Sir Francis Levison I have a position to sustain.

ISABELLE.

Well.

LEVISON.

I could rid myself of you and the world would think none the less of me.

ISABELLE.

(*Laughs.*) Yes, that's it. The world thinks none the less of the man who robs woman of all—all. But the woman must be sacrificed, and goes down—down.

LEVISON.

We will not enter into a moral discussion. You see, Lady Isabelle, I may wish to marry, and if my fiance should hear of that brat—women are such damned sentimental idiots—it might be my undoing.

ISABELLE.

What do you want? (*Pause.*)

LEVISON.

Your promise never to enter my life again.

ISABELLE.

And if I refuse——

LEVISON.

Then I'll rid myself of you and find means to silence that brat forever. (*Makes a move towards cradle.*)

ISABELLE.

You touch that child and I'll throttle you with my bare hands. (*Pause.*) Capt. Levison, you have robbed me of all this life held dear to

me, and for my sin I must suffer. The only hope I have is to make expiation through this child—a child without a name—and before you touch that baby you'll have to kill me.

LEVISON.

See here, Isabelle, don't get theatrical—you may regret it.

ISABELLE.

I have much to regret, Sir Francis Levison. It's a great game, Sir Francis Levison—this game of life. You have played your last card. I hold the next best play. I love this baby with all the love of a dying soul. If you will leave me now and forever I will promise never to cross your life again.

LEVISON.

Now, you're talking sense. (*Isabelle sinks by cradle. Levison makes a movement towards cradle; Isabelle rises.*) (*He offers hand.*) Good-bye!

ISABELLE.

Go!

LEVISON.

Very well. That promise is as sacred as—

ISABELLE.

As my love for this baby and my God.

LEVISON.

Good—good! (*Offers hand again.*) I can see no reason for prolonging this delightful interview. Day, day. (*Goes, gets coat and hat, mirror bus. and exits, singing "We Never Speak as We Pass By." Isabelle goes to the door and locks it. Goes back to cradle.*)

ISABELLE.

I am bowed down by the weight of my own sin and shame. Oh, if I could wake and find it all a terrible dream, if I cou'd once more find myself at East Lynne with my husband and chil-

dren about me, a happy, contented mother; but no, no; it cannot be. I must bear the consequences of my sin forever. (*Knock at door.*) Levison has returned. (*knock*). Who's there?

MT. SEVERN.

It is I, Isabelle.

ISABEL.

Lord Mt. Severn! No, no! I can't let him see me in my disgrace. (*Goes to door.*)

MT. SEVERN.

Let me in, Isabelle.

ISABELLE.

No—you must not; my punishment is great enough without your reproach. Go! Go!

MT. SEVERN.

No, Isabelle, I did not come to reproach—only to help you. Let me in!

ISABELLE.

(*Slowly opens door.*) (*Mt. Severn enters; she turns away.*) Don't look at me. I have brought disgrace enough upon your name. (*X's and sits in chair R.*)

MT. SEVERN.

Isabelle, my child, I've been searching for you for the last five weeks. I found you by following Sir Francis Levison. How could you do what you did—you have broken a noble man's heart.

ISABELLE.

I know—I know—I thought he loved another. Levison, knowing my jealousy, did all in his power to convince me that my husband loved Barbara Hare. I listened—and you see before you the result of that monster—jealousy. (*X L.*)

MT. SEVERN.

I warned you against Levison. I just saw him leave the house. He has been here with you?

ISABELLE.

Yes; they think I'm his wife.

MT. SEVERN.

(*Seeing cradle, X's to it. Turns.*) (*Isabelle, realizing, turns away.*) There was a child?

ISABELLE.

Yes. (*Sinns by the fireplace.*)

MT. SEVERN.

The damned scoundrel! (*Going C.*) Isabelle, how utterly you have lost yourself!

ISABELLE.

(*Partly turning.*) Oh, Uncle, my punishment is great enough. Don't, I beg of you, I can't bear it.

MT. SEVERN.

(*Xing to her.*) Isabelle, my child, I know. (*Raising her and Xing R. She sits R.*) How do you propose to live?

ISABELLE.

I have some money.

MT. SEVERN.

Levison's money?

ISABELLE.

No, I shall never see him again. I have sold some jewelry, and what is left will answer until I'm able to find something I can do.

MT. SEVERN.

Isabelle, I will make you an allowance.

ISABELLE.

No, I cannot accept anything from you.

MT. SEVERN.

My child, you have made a great sacrifice—a husband's love, the love and companionship of your children. Your suffering will be great enough without adding poverty to your folly.

ISABELLE.

I must pay its penalty. No, no. I have lost all claim to assistance. I shall find a position as governess as soon as possible.

MT. SEVERN.

Isabelle, I stand in your father's place. On my return to England I will place four hundred pounds a year to your credit. (*Isabelle rises, X's to him. He takes her in his arms.*) My child, good-bye! May your future life be peaceful, for happy it can never be. (*Kisses her.*) Good-bye! May God be merciful to you! (*Exits C.*)

ISABELLE.

(*Falls to her knees by cradle.*) Alone—alone forever!

CURTAIN.



ACT IV.

Lights—See Plot.

Music at rise—"When Other Lips and Other Hearts."

At rise Joyce enters L. with small vase and flowers, puts them on desk R. Dill enters with newspaper in hand.

DILL.

Well, what do you think of this, Miss Joyce?

JOYCE.

What?

DILL.

Sir Francis Levison has entered the county against Mr. Carlyle.

JOYCE.

Well, that beats everything I ever heard of, Sir Francis Levison back in East Lynne and putting himself up against Mr. Carlyle!

DILL.

That would revive unpleasant memories that I hoped were dead and buried. Poor Lady Isabelle!—poor, deluded woman, to let that man lead her astray!

JOYCE.

How long is it now since poor Lady Isabelle was killed, Mr. Dill?

DILL.

(*At desk R.*) About a year and a half. It almost killed Mr. Carlyle.

JOYCE.

(*Apron to her eyes*). Poor soul, poor Lady Isabelle!

DILL.

She is better off, Joyce. That railroad accident in which she was killed was an act of Providence.

JOYCE.

And I suppose you would say that Mr. Carlyle's marriage to Miss Barbara Hare less than three months afterwards was an act of Providence?

DILL.

Joyce, my girl, they had been divorced more than two years. Mr. Carlyle had to have a mother for his children.

JOYCE.

And she's a fine mother indeed. (*Half crying.*) I shall never forget the night Lady Isabelle called me to her room and made me promise that if anything shou'd happen to her I would never leave her children. Little did I think then it would come true in the way it did.

(*Enter with Wilson, with hand bag.*)

WILSON.

Joyce, the new governess has just arrived. (*Bus.*) She's a mighty strange looking creature.

JOYCE.

Don't make remarks about your betters. Show her to the gray parlor. Tell her Mrs. Carlyle is out driving and will see her as soon as she returns. (*Exit Wilson L.*)

DILL.

The new governess?

JOYCE.

Yes, she was not expected until tomorrow.
(*Enter Corney.*) Miss Corney, the new governess has just arrived.

CORNEY.

I don't care to see her—more useless expense. I made it so unpleasant for the other one, she was glad to leave. You had better go and ask her if she would like a cup of tea.

JOYCE.

I'll tell Hannah to fix a light lunch for her. I must go to little Willie. He is not at all well today.

CORNEY.

Poor child. I'm afraid he is not long for this world.

JOYCE.

No, Miss Corney, he grows weaker every day. (*Exit upstairs.*)

CORNEY.

(*Seeing Dill.*) Well, Mr. Dill, I thought you were at the Court House. How is the case going?

DILL.

Richard Hare will be a free man in a very few hours, Miss Corney.

CORNEY.

Thank the Lord for that, but I suppose he'll go gallivanting after some other petticoat.

DILL.

Afy Hallejohn's death-bed confession settled beyond all doubt that Capt. Thorn was the murderer.

CORNEY.

I hope they'll catch the villain.

DILL.

So do I, but it has been so long now that I've given up hope—nearly six years.

CORNEY.

Did that hussy, Afy, give an accurate description of the man?

DILL.

Well, in her confession she described him as a tall, dark, bejeweled, perfumed dandy, with a peculiar movement of brushing back his hair; also that he was left-handed. Dick's description was the same. He met him face to face in London and Thorn struck him with his left hand and knocked him down and escaped. Then we have also other proofs—the piece of cloth from his hunting coat, a perfumed handkerchief and a plaster cast of the imprint of his boot heel.

CORNEY.

Umph! With all that the fools ought to be able to catch him.

DILL.

Oh, by the way, Miss Corney, have you seen this? (*Holds newspaper.*)

CORNEY.

What! Sir Francis Levison coming here to run against my brother Archibald. Well, the viper! Now Archibald shall canvass. Who was that Lady Somebody who kissed a blacksmith to insure her husband's election? Well, I will kiss every man in East Lynne, blacksmiths included, to defeat that villain.

DILL.

And I'll kiss every woman, including you, Miss Corney.

CORNEY.

Don't be an idiot! (*Exit L.*)

CARLYLE.

(*Enters R. with papers and packages. Goes*

to desk R.) Well, Dill, Dick Hare is a free man at last.

DILL.

Good—good—I knew he would be.

CARLYLE.

(*Putting packages in desk.*) We won't have any further use for these until we find Thorn.

DILL.

It looks that way, sir. I suppose you have heard of Levison's entering the field against you?

CARLYLE.

Yes, Dill, I've heard of it. (*Pause, goes to desk.*) Dill, did you notice how Alf Hallijohn's description of Thorn fitted Sir Francis Levison?

DILL.

I had not thought of it before, sir, but it does, indeed it does—well! well! (*pause.*) But, sir, Levison couldn't possibly be Thorn.

CARLYLE.

For the past week I have been quietly investigating and I am lead to believe that they are one and the same.

DILL.

Why didn't you have him up, sir?

CARLYLE.

I must be absolutely sure, Dill. (*Pause. Goes to desk.*) Dill, I want you to go over to the Hare residence and bring Dick back with you to see his sister.

DILL.

Yes, sir. She'll be a mighty happy woman, sir.

CARLYLE.

Yes, Barbara was nearly worn out. I sent her for a drive. She will return shortly.

DILL.

I'll have him here in a jiffy. (*Exit window. Carlyle sits by desk R.*)

CARLYLE.

Levison here and my opponent, and I thought the dead past had buried its dead. (*Takes letter and miniature from secret drawer.*) "When years go on and my children ask where their mother is and why she left them, tell them that you, their father, goaded her to it.— — (*Archie breaks down, then.*) (*Looking at miniature.*) Isabelle, how could you do it; how could you do it?

BARBARA.

(*Enters from window.*) Oh, Archie, here you are. What news?

CARLYLE.

(*Putting away miniature and letter*) (*X's to her.*) Your brother is free.

BARBARA.

Thank God! (*Kisses Archie.*) Where is he, Archie?

CARLYLE.

He has gone to your mother. I sent Dill to fetch him to you as soon as he had seen her. Now, my dear, I have rather bad news for you.

BARBARA.

What is it, Archie?

CARLYLE.

Sir Francis Levison has put himself up against me for office.

BARBARA.

The miserable scoundrel! What are you going to do, Archie?

CARLYLE.

Defeat him, if I can.

BARBARA.

Right, Archie. Fight him to the last ditch. I only hope he won't dig up the past.

CARLYLE.

Now, don't, don't, don't, my dear. I must return to the office and write out a description of Thorn and send it to the Bow street officers.

BARBARA.

Anything new, Archie?

CARLYLE.

Afy Hallejohn's death bed confession contained an accurate description of the man.

BARBARA.

I hope and pray he will be brought to justice.

(Wilson enters.)

WILSON.

The new governess wishes to know when you will see her, my lady.

BARBARA.

I'll see her here, at once.

(Wilson Exits.)

CARLYLE.

I'll leave you with her. Caution her especially about Willie. Joyce tells me he is much worse to-day. I will see him as soon as I return.

(Exit at window.)

(Corney Enters.)

CORNEY.

Barbara, have you heard the disgraceful news about that scoundrelly black leg?

BARBARA.

Who?

CORNEY.

Why, Sir Francis Levison.

BARBARA.

(*Laughing.*) Yes, Archie has just told me.

CORNEY.

Archie shall beat him if it takes every penny I have in the world.

BARBARA.

Save your pennies, Corney, Sir Francis Levison hasn't the slightest chance.

CORNEY.

I should hope not; (*Bus.*) Barbara. I've worked myself into such a state over this I'll have to take some juniper tea to quiet my nerves. (*Sneezes.*) There! I'll have to put my red petticoat round my head and take a dose of jalap or I'll not be able to speak above a whisper, and this election coming on. (*Exit while speaking*) (*Barbara goes to piano, plays. Mrs. Vine enters down stairs. Pause. Barbara turns, offers hand. Isabelle staggers as if faint, does not take hand*).

BARBARA.

Are you ill, Madam?

ISABELLE.

No, a little fatigued after my journey. That is all.

BARBARA.

Let me ring for a glass of wine for you.

ISABELLE.

No, thank you, I've just had a cup of tea.

BARBARA.

Won't you be seated. You look quite pale.

ISABELLE.

I am naturally pale, Madam, but my health is good.

BARBARA.

Mme. Vine, I think the name is?

ISABELLE.

Veen (*hesitates*). My husband was French.

BARBARA.

Mrs. Latimer wrote us that you were a most estimable and worthy person and that you would be sure to suit us. I hope you will and that you will find your residence agreeable.

ISABELLE.

I trust so.

BARBARA.

Sometime after my marriage to Mr. Carlyle, I discovered that Miss Manning, their former governess had been ill-treating the children. I dispensed with her services at once. Since then, I have looked after them myself as much as possible, but naturally my own child occupied most of my time.

ISABELLE.

Naturally.

BARBARA.

I hold an opinion Mme. Vine that most mothers pursue a mistaken system in the management of their children. Some leave them entirely to the care of servants. While others devote their entire time to them. You must have observed this.

ISABELLE.

(*Half audibly*). Yes.

BARBARA.

As for myself, I try to divide my time equally between my social duties and my domestic ones. I shall never neglect my husband for my baby, dearly as I love him. (*Isabelle bows.*) Mrs. Latimer a'so wrote that you were of gentle birth and breeding.

ISABELLE.

I was born and reared a gentle woman.

BARBARA.

There is no mistaking that. I dare say you never thought of going out as a governess.

ISABELLE.

Never, Madam.

BARBARA.

Your husband is dead?

ISABELLE.

(*Pause*). Yes.

BARBARA.

And your children?

ISABELLE.

Madame, I have lost all—all.

BARBARA.

It must be a great grief to lose one's children. It would kill me to part with my baby.

ISABELLE.

Grief does not always kill.

BARBARA.

You are no doubt aware that these children that you will take charge of, are not mine. They are the children of Mr. Carlyle's first wife.

ISABELLE.

I have heard so.

BARBARA.

She was the only daughter of the late Lord Mt. Severn. She was very beautiful, but she was not a good woman, for she forsook her husband for another man.

ISABELLE.

No, she was not a good woman.

BARBARA.

(*Sharply*) She certainly was not a good

woman. She was a *wicked* woman to bring such shame upon her children, the shame of having a divorced mother.

ISABELLE.

Oh, but she's dead.

BARBARA.

It's true she's dead, but they will be none the less pointed at, the little girl especially.

ISABELLE.

Do they ever speak of their mother?

BARBARA.

They allude to their mother now and then, Joyce tells me, but I would recommend you not to encourage them in that. They had better forget her altogether. Mr. Carlyle naturally wishes it so. I trust you may be able to instill such principles in the mind of the little girl as will save her from her mother's fate.

ISABELLE.

With God's help I will.

BARBARA.

(*Looking at her sharply*). I trust you will. Remember the old adage, "What's bred in the bone, comes out in the blood."

ISABELLE.

Are the children well?

BARBARA.

Quite well. That is, all except the boy William. The doctor fears his lungs are affected. In fact, he has had rather a bad attack to-day. The doctor fears he is not long for this world, but Mr. Carlyle bears this as bravely as he did the desertion of his wife, despite the fact that he loved her truly.

ISABELLE.

Did he love her truly?

BARBARA.

Undoubtedly. At first I thought he had married her to satisfy an ambition, but I was convinced later that he loved her truly, that the sin was hers and hers alone. She was killed in a railway accident and fortunately her child of sin died with her. (*Isabelle, rising, XingL, Joyce enters with Willie, steps C.*) This is William, Mme. Vine.

ISABELLE.

(*Turns, takes boy in arms, bus.*)

BARBARA.

Mme. Vine!!!

ISABELLE.

I beg pardon, Madam. I once had a boy just his age and I lost him.

WILLIAM.

May I ride with you to-day, Mamma?

(*Isabelle starts.*)

BARBARA.

No, William. The air is too chilly for you. (*Willie X's to Barbara. Isabelle impulsively starts towards her, Joyce noticing movement comes down center, between Barbara and Isabelle.*) No, dear. (*Joyce looks intensely at Isabelle.*) Mme. Vine, this is Joyce, who has had charge of the children since their mother so shamefully deserted them. (*Carriage wheels are heard. Barbara goes to window.*) My husband is coming. (*Corney enters.*)

CORNEY.

Joyce, what in the world have you got that child down stairs for? You know he is hardly able to walk. I scarcely turn my back before something goes wrong.

BARB (*At window.*)

Miss Corney, he was brought down to meet

the new governess. Mme. Vine, this is Mr. Carlyle's sister.

CORNEY.

How do you do, Mam. (*X's to Barb.*) Very well, but Joyce is so careless. (*Exits.*)

BARBARA.

Take William back to the nursery. (*Exit William and Joyce, Mme. Vine follows.*) One moment, Mme. Vine, I wish you to meet my husband.

ISABELLE.

I would prefer— (*Archibald enters Door R. . . Barbara comes out of window, meets Archie. Archibald kisses Barbara.*) (*Bus for Isabelle.*)

BARBARA.

Archie, this is the new governess. Mme. Vine, this is my husband.

CARLYLE. (*X's.*)

How do you do, Mme. (*Archibald takes her hand*). I'm glad you've arrived safely. I presume my wife has given you instructions. I have but one request to make, that you will be especially careful with William, as I am afraid the boy will not be long with us.

ISABELLE.

(*Suppressed emotion.*) Yes. (*Archie pauses. Xs to piano, sits and plays softly "When Other Hearts, etc."*)

BARBARA.

(*Xing to Mme. Vine.*) You will find your room just off the grey parlor, there. (*pointing*). The nursery is a few steps up from your room. I will send Hannah to make you comfortable. I trust you will find it agreeable here. (*Barbara goes to piano in alcove.*)

ISABELLE (*Going.*)

Why did I come here. Oh, patience! Is it

thus I bear my cross in life! (*Song begins, at end of song, Wilson enters.*)

WILSON.

Sir Francis Levison! (*Barbara and Archie rise quickly.*) (*Isabelle overcome, sinks to floor, convulsively removes glasses. Joyce enters from stairs quickly, see Isabelle, recognizes her, suppressed scream. Isabelle recovers, puts finger to lips and exits, followed by Joyce. During this Barbara and Carlyle have been talking audibly ad lib.*) (*Levison enters Xs C, Carlyle comes down.*)

LEVISON.

How are you, Carlyle. (*Extending hand.*)

CARLYLE.

(*Putting hands behind him.*) Sir Francis Levison.

LEVISON.

Come now, don't be uppish. I came here on a matter of business, not pleasure. I prefer seeing you alone.

CARLYLE.

(*Looking straight at him.*) Barbara, will you leave us, please?

BARBARA.

(*Coming down beside Archie.*) Be careful, Archie.

CARLYLE.

Leave us, please. (*Still looking at Levison, who is sitting on edge of sofa. Barbara exits.*) Now, Sir Francis Levison, what do you want?

LEVISON.

Well, I don't want to dig up old scores, unless you compel me to.

CARLYLE.

Well!

LEVISON.

You are my opponent in the coming election.

CARLYLE.

Yes, and if it were not for that, I'd be tempted to kill you where you stand.

LEVISON.

Then you'd hang and the office would go to an outsider.

CARLYLE.

Come to the point. Why are you here?

LEVISON.

Carlyle, I'm here for the purpose of making a purely business proposition. Privately we are bitter enemies; politically, let us be friends.

CARLYLE.

I intend to make this fight clean and honest. I have no intention of making it a personal matter. I go my way, you go yours, and let the best man win.

LEVISON.

(*Laughs*). That's just it, Carlyle. I can't win with you against me. You as Lawyer Carlyle, the most virtuous citizen in East Lynne, are bound to win, but I without many virtuous tendencies and with rather a highly colored reputation will lose, but as Sir Francis Levison I must win. I want to make you a proposition.

CARLYLE.

Sir Francis Levison, there is no proposition that you *can* make to me. I'm in this fight to win.

LEVISON.

Come now, think. Is there no inducement I can offer you, monetary or otherwise, that would induce you to gracefully withdraw from this contest?

CARLYLE.

There is only one thing that can prevent me from using every honorable effort to defeat you, and that is death.

LEVISON.

So you mean to fight.

CARLYLE.

To the bitter end.

LEVISON.

(*Xing to Carlyle*). Then nothing will induce you to withdraw?

CARLYLE.

(*Facing him*). Nothing.

LEVISON.

I think there is.

CARLYLE.

What do you mean?

LEVISON.

I mean, Carlyle, (*putting his hands in pocket*) that if you don't withdraw from this contest I'll drag the past of that charming first wife of yours from the grave, and give it to the public.

(*Lady Isabelle appears at Curtain.*)

CARLYLE.

(*Springing at him, taking him by the throat, grinds him to the floor.*) You dog! (*During struggle, Corney enters. Joyce drags Lady Isabelle behind curtains.*)

CORNEY.

Joyce, bring me a kettle of hot water.

LEVISON.

(*Regaining his feet, throwing Carlyle off with his left hand*). Quite unnecessary, Miss Corney. I can dispense with such luxuries.

(taking handkerchief out of pocket, brushes off trousers.)

CARLYLE.

(Aside.) Left handed!

CORNEY.

How dare you enter this house, Sir Francis Levison?

LEVISON.

(Putting handkerchief back in pocket.) I'm here on a matter of business, my guardian angel. *(Handkerchief falls to floor.)* *In putting handkerchief back in pocket it falls to floor.)*

CARLYLE.

(Picking handkerchief up, catches odor. Bus. Aside.) Great God!

CORNEY.

Your business being finished, Sir Francis Levison, I think you had better get out.

LEVISON.

One moment, Miss Corney. I shall go as soon as I discover why your esteemed brother treated me so rudely.

CARLYLE.

(Carlyle, who has gone quickly to desk, has compared handkerchiefs then comes C.) You've dropped your handkerchief, Sir Francis Levison!

LEVISON.

(Taking it.) Thank you, Mr. Carlyle. *(turning to Corney).* Ah, Miss Corney, if you'll remove your charming presence for a few moments Mr. Carlyle and I will endeavor to terminate our delightful interview amicably.

CORNEY.

Not until I tell you what I think of you, sir.

LEVISON.

Proceed.

CORNEY.

I think you are the most miserable, detestable, depraved piece of humanity it has ever been my misfortune to meet. (*Exits*).

LEVISON.

You flatter me. (*Levison turning to Carlyle, who has been busy at desk comparing notes.*) It was quite unnecessary to be so emphatic, Carlyle. I have no special desire to dig up old scores.

CARLYLE.

Nor have I, so suppose we trust to a fair fight and no favor.

LEVISON.

Now, that sensible.

CARLYLE.

(*Bringing decanter, two glasses*).

LEVISON.

(*Taking glass with left hand*). Carlyle, you're a good sort, if you are a little slow. (*Drinks.*)

CARLYLE.

(*Not drinking*). Levison, I never observed before that you were left handed.

LEVISON.

Oh! (*bus.*) haven't you? It runs in the family. Carlyle, you would not accept a proposition to withdraw?

CARLYLE.

Come back in an hour and I'll give you my answer. Dick Hare!

DICK.

Quite unnecessary, Mr. Carlyle. You can give him his answer now.

LEVISON.

What do you mean, young man?

DICK.

I mean you are murderer of Father Hallejohn.

LEVISON.

(*Losing composure.*) It's a lie.

CARLYLE (*Xing.*)

Levison, I think you've played your last card. I was satisfied a moment ago that you and Thorn were one and the same.

LEVISON.

Absurd! Your proof.

CARLYLE.

This (*taking from desk*). This (*picking up boot impression*), and this (*picking up handkerchief*), and the death bed confession of Afy Hallejohn. (*Holding up paper.*)

LEVISON.

Let me see it. (*Attempting to take it.*)

CARLYLE.

(*Putting it out of reach*). This is no place for an investigation, Sir Francis Levison. "Officer, have you a warrant?"

DICK.

Yes, Mr. Carlyle, he has, I recognized Sir Francis Levison as Captain Thorn shortly after I was released. He was making a speech in the public square. I recognized him at once. I immediately had the warrant sworn out and followed him here.

CARLYLE.

Officer! (*Signalling officer. Officer comes C.*)

LEVISON.

Carlyle, this is a clever trick of yours. You may win the election, but after that, we'll see. Officer, I presume I shall have to submit to this

indignity. (*Holding out hands. Officer roughly places handcuffs on Levison's wrists*). Carefully, kind sir, don't soil my linen. (*Handcuffs are locked.*) Now, now, officer, if you will kindly place my hat on my head. (*Officer places hat.*) Thank you.

(*Corney enters.*)

CORNEY.

Well! well! What's all this?

CARLYLE.

Corney, this gentleman, Sir Francis Levison, alias Capt. Thorn—

CORNEY.

What?

CARLYLE.

Is the murdered of Alfy's father.

CORNEY.

Well, the devil always claims his own.

LEVISON.

Then I'll see you later. (*Officer touches him on shoulder.*) Don't interrupt me when I'm speaking to a lady. Oh, beauteous vixen. I really must tear myself away.

CORNEY.

You imprudent puppy! Officer, remove that creature as quickly as possible.

LEVISON.

Now, don't distort that beautiful countenance. You can't improve upon nature, Miss Corney. Carlyle, I'll see you later. Come, officer, I shall be late for dinner. (*Starts up.*) Oh, by the way, Miss Corney, there is one thing that will console me. I shall not be bored with the sight of your ugly mug.

CORNEY.

What a beautifully ironed pair of cuffs you have on, Sir Francis Levison.

LEVISON.

Yes, the finish is delightfully domestic. Now, Miss Corney, beware of the naughty, naughty men. Take good care of yourself and don't forget your red flannel petticoat. (*Goes to window.*) Carlyle, if you ever want a lock of your first wife's hair, I can supply you.

(*Carlyle starts. Dick stops him.*) (*Levison laughs, exits singing "In a Prison Cell I sit"*)

CORNEY.

Well, I do believe he'd practice his arts upon me if he thought there was any chance of his succeeding.

CARLYLE.

That man is the most consummate scoundrel I have ever known. (*Pause.*) What misery, what pain, I might have been spared, could we have discovered long ago that Levison and Thorn were one.

CORNEY.

There is no doubt of his guilt?

CARLYLE.

None. Alfy Hallejohn's confession is sufficient to convict him even without Dick's identification.

CORNEY.

Well, Dick Hare, it serves you right. You would go gallivanting after that brazen hussy, Alfy Hallejohn.

CARLYLE.

Corney, Dick has suffered enough. Take him to his sister at once.

CORNEY.

Come along, Richard. I always said you were the greatest natural born fool ever let loose out of leading strings. (*Exit Dick and Corney.*)

(*Excitedly Dill enters through window.*)

DILL.

Mr. Carlyle, is it true? Is it true that Levison is Thorn and Thorn is Levison?

CARLYLE.

Undoubtedly. (*Smiling.*)

DILL.

I might have known it, sir. I might have known it.

CARLYLE.

(*Going to him*). It's a pity, Dill we did not know it long ago.

DILL.

I wish we had, sir. I wish we had. (*Taking hands and shaking them.*) (*Carlyle exits slowly through window.*) Poor Mr. Carlyle, poor Mr. Carlyle. (*Pause.*) Poor Lady Isabelle, what suffering might have been spared you. If we had only known.

(*Corney enters.*)

CORNEY.

Well, Mr. Dill, it's all over.

DILL.

Yes, Miss Corney, Levison has come into his own at last.

CORNEY.

Yes, thank the Lord. I must take another drink of juniper tea. I'm that nervous.

DILL.

Miss Corney, may I speak with you a moment?

CORNEY.

Well!

DILL.

Miss Corney. (*Pause.*) Miss Corney—(*Pause.*) (*Corney comes down and looks at him.*)

CORNEY.

Well!

DILL.

Old Mr. Carruthers was married this morning.

CORNEY.

The old fool. What's that got to do with me? (*Sneezes.*)

DILL.

Well, Miss Corney, he was just my age, seventy-one.

CORNEY.

Old enough to know better. (*Sneezes.*)
Come, Mr. Dill, say what you've got to say and hurry or I'll sneeze my head off.

DILL.

Oh, Miss Corney, you know none of us are too old to feel the tender passion. Cupid is knocking at the door of my old heart. (*Sneezes.*)

CORNEY.

(*Laughing.*) Why, you old idiot!

DILL.

Don't laugh, Miss Corney, the feeling of love has been gnawing at my heart for months. (*Corney (Sneezes) Dill falls upon his knees in front of her. She almost falls over him. She turns away. He grabs her hand.*) At night your beautiful face haunts me in my dreams. It is like drinking the water of everlasting life. (*Sneezes.*)

(*Arms akimbo.*) Well, there's no fool like an old fool.

DILL.

(*Rising.*) Miss Corney, will you be my wife?

CORNEY.

No! (*Sneeze.*) (*Giving him a push and exits.*)

DILL.

Well, did she say no, or did she sneeze; (*Sprucing up*) but faint heart never won fair lady. (*Exit after Corney*.)

JOYCE.

(*Enters excitedly from stairs C*) (*Calling*)
Mme. Vine! Mme. Vine! Mme. Vine!! (*Lady Isabelle appears at Arch L.*) Oh, Lady Isabelle!
(*Lady Isabelle motions silence.*)

ISABELLE.

What is it Joyce?

JOYCE.

Ever since William saw you this afternoon, he's been calling Mamma, Mamma, Mamma, Just now he wakened out of a sound sleep, calling "Mamma, I'm coming, I'm coming. He looked so strange. I'm sure t's the end.

(*Isabelle bus.*)

ISABELLE.

I must go to him at once. (*Starts up C.*
Willie appears on stairs with hands extended.)

WILLIE.

Mamma, I'm coming, I'm coming.

ISABELLE.

(*Isabelle takes baby in her arms.*) My boy, what is it, what is it? (*Takes him to couch L, kneeling by his side.*) Joyce, bring me the restorative. Quickly. Willie! Willie! (*Child looks up.*)

WILLIE.

Mme. Vine—I'm going to my mother.

ISABELLE.

No, no, you must not die, Willie, Willie!

(Joyce enters with medicines. Mme. Vine takes it.) Joyce, send Mrs. Carlyle to me. *(Pause.)*

WILLIE.

Why should you grieve so for me? I'm not your child.

ISABELLE.

Why? Because I lost a little boy just like you.

WILLIE.

Mme. Vine, do you think I'll know my mother there.

ISABELLE.

Yes, you'll know her there.

WILLIE.

Did you ever see my mother, Mme. Vine?

ISABELLE.

Yes, I knew her and she told me that although she was parted from her children here, she would meet them again in heaven, where all sin and guilt of the world will be washed away.

(Archie enters quickly, goes to the foot of couch.)

CARLYLE.

Mme. Vine, is he worse?

ISABELLE.

Very much worse. I would advise you to call Dr. Wainwright immediately.

CARLYLE.

I will, and I'll send his mother to him.
(Exits)

ISABELLE.

His mother. I can't bear it. Willie! Willie! Try to think just for one moment that I am your mother.

WILLIE.

Papa has gone for her now.

ISABELLE.

No! no! no! (*Takes off glasses*) I'm your mother. (*Catches him in her arms.*) Call me mother just once, just once. (*Willie looks at her and says faintly, "Mother," dies.*) He's dead. he's dead. No matter what I am, what I've been, I am his mother.

(CURTAIN.)



TABLEAU.

(At rise music "Endearing Young Charms," played slowly and plaintively.)

Scene. See plot.

At rise, cold grey light on drop back of window, snow falling. Isabelle discovered dozing in arm chair by dying fire. Lights on scene half down. Sleigh bells distant approaching. Church bell.

CARLYLE.

Isabelle, Isabelle.

ISABELLE.

Yes, yes, dear. *(Half running up to window.)*

CARLYLE.

Barbara, my dear, come here. *(Isabelle collapses, realizing situation.)* Little Isabelle is knee deep in the snow.

ISABELLE.

A dream, a dream. *(Pause, sigh)* "the sin that ye do, two by two, must be paid for one by one."

(Voices and sleigh bells again.)

(Joyce enters as Isabelle is struggling back to bed.)

JOYCE.

You've been exerting yourself again, my

lady. (*Joyce helps her back to bed during this speech.*)

ISABELLE.

Oh, Joyce, I'm all right, quite strong. I'm going to take Willie out for his drive to-day. (*ad lib, until she suddenly catches sight of face in glass, which recalls her to herself. Quickly*) Oh, I forgot. Joyce, what day is this?

JOYCE.

Sunday, my lady.

ISABELLE.

Then it's just two weeks, isn't it, Joyce?

JOYCE.

What, Lady Isabelle?

ISABELLE.

Since my boy left us.

JOYCE.

(*Turning away and wiping eyes with apron*) Yes, my lady. (*Half audibly.*)

ISABELLE.

Joyce.

JOYCE.

Yes, Lady Isabelle.

ISABELLE.

He must be so lonely out there under the snow.

JOYCE.

Won't you let me send for Dr. Martin before it is too late, my lady.

ISABELLE.

No, no, no. (*hysterically. Isabelle gasps and falls back exhausted.*) (*Joyce, thinking she is dying, rushes out of the room, calling "My Lady, My Lady."*) (*Joyce meets Miss Corney outside door.*)

JOYCE.

Oh, mam, you mustn't go in there.

CORNEY.

Who is to keep me out, I'd like to know?

JOYCE.

No, no, You shall not go in, you shall not.

CORNEY.

Mercy, be good. What's the matter with you. If one were a drinking woman, I'd think you were tipsy. Away with you. I'll see what's wrong here.

JOYCE.

Oh, what'll become of us. What'll become of us.

CORNEY.

(Entering abruptly, slamming door, speaking.) Are you mistress in this house, or am I? *(Turns facing bed, sees Isabelle.)* Mercy, be good, how did you come here? *(Pause in utter astonishment.)* You were Mme. Vine!

ISABELLE.

Yes. *(Pause.)*

CORNEY.

How dared you come back here.

ISABELLE.

My children. *(Pause.)* Don't, don't reproach me. The Saviour did not come to save the good like you, he came to save poor sinners like me. I took up my cross and tried to bear it bravely, but its weight has killed me.

CORNEY.

No, I'll not reproach you.

ISABELLE.

(Timidly putting out hand.) Thank you!
(Corney takes it, coming to her.)

CORNEY.

Child, had I anything to do with sending you away from East Lynne?

ISABELLE.

You did not send me, but I was not happy with you, but that was not the cause of my going away.

CORNEY.

I could have made your home happier.

ISABELLE.

(*Pause.*) Miss Corney, I want to see Archie, (*Corney hesitates*) only for a minute. I could die easier.

CORNEY.

Yes, I'll send for him. (*Goes to door.*) Joyce (*steps outside.*) Choir begins to sing "The Palms" in the Church opposite. Isabelle listens. Corney returns, opens curtains.) (*Pause.*)

(*Archie enters.*)

CARLYLE.

Well, Corney.

CORNEY.

(*Taking him by arm and leading him down*) Isabelle has come back.

CARLYLE.

What! (*Pause, during which Corney exits.*)

ISABELLE.

I couldn't die without trying to make you understand.

CARLYLE.

(*Turns away to hide emotion.*)

ISABELLE.

Don't turn away from me. (*Pause.*) I could not stay away from you and the children.

(*Pause.*) Speak to me, speak to me. (*Carlyle still silent.*) My sin was great, but by punishment was greater.

CARLYLE. (*Approaching her.*)

Why did you go away?

ISABELLE.

Because I thought you had betrayed me for another.

CARLYLE.

(*Archie turns away.*)

ISABELLE.

I thought you loved Barbara Hare. I saw you with your arms about her and to revenge myself upon you, I listened to Francis Levison. When I came to my senses, it was too late to turn back. (*Slight pause.*) Let what I am be blotted out for just one moment. Think of me as I was when you first knew me.

CARLYLE.

(*Long wailing groan, bowing head on Isabelle's hands.*) Oh, Isabelle!

ISABELLE.

(*Stretching out hand, putting it on Archie's bowed head.*) Can you forgive me?

CARLYLE.

Isabelle, you almost broke my heart (*looking at her*).

ISABELLE.

My heart is breaking for just one word. Do you (*hesitates*) Did you love me?

CARLYLE.

I loved you, Isabelle, with all my soul. (*Song begins, "Holy City," softly.*)

ISABELLE.

Archie, do you—

ISABELLE.

(Reaches out arms, gasps, falls forward. Archie catches her and puts back on pillows.) (As Isabelle falls, last ember of the dying fire drops Sun bursts through the window. Voices of people. Song burst forth.)

(CURTAIN.)







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